

Life



OCTOBER 22, 1925

PRICE 15 CENTS



"Say! Did ya know ya was on a one-way street?"

Issue 8, 1925. In the First Office
before the Board of Directors.

Here Comes This Letter After 31 Years

Written With a Parker Pen In Use All That Time

—and used by hundreds of hands

HIS LETTER

Written with a Parker Pen
After 31 Years' Use

Mays Lick, Ky., July 25, 1925
Parker Pen Co.,
Janesville, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

I thought it might be of interest to you to know that the pen with which I am now writing is one of your fountain pens which I purchased during July of 1894 from Jas. H. Grigsby of Sardis, Ky., and has been in continuous service since that date with the exception of a few days that I had to send it to you for repairs, having broken the threaded end that screws into the fountain by leaning across a fence.

The pen still has the original point and is giving

Mays Lick, Ky. July 25/25
Parker Pen Co.
Janesville, Wis.
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The pen still has the original point and is giving good service notwithstanding the fact that there has been hundreds of different persons written with it during its 31 years of service.
I heartily and conscientiously recommend the Parker to all who need a pen of the highest quality.
Wishing you continued success, I am
Very truly yours,
(Signed) H. M. Cracraft

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Wishing you continued success, I am

Very truly yours,
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1894
Model



1925
Model



You Can't Put a Price on Pens that Give Such Value

AUTOMOBILES and Parker Duofold Pens had not yet been given to the world when one July day in 1894, H. M. Cracraft passed four dollars over the counter for a Parker Pen.

"Hard Times" had a strangle-hold on the nation, corn was selling down to thirty cents a bushel, and four dollars was about as flossy a price as a man paid for a week's board at the old Commercial House.

Yet that same Parker Pen, which Mr. Cracraft bought, still writes his letters; and, he says, "still has its original point and is giving good service."

There are a host of these Parker patriarchs still on the job yet after 20 and 30 years, and longer.

They are the staunch forefathers of a hardy race of pens—they speak with a quiet elo-

quence of Geo. S. Parker's skill and sincerity in making his products the worthy Custodians of his business honor. And isn't it safe to suppose that if Geo. S. Parker's pens of the 80's and 90's are still "giving good service," that his super-pen, the Parker Duofold, will outlast whoever buys it?

Parker Duofold, you see, embodies improvements unknown when Mr. Cracraft's pen was made. The 25-year Point—the Hand-size Grip—the Over-size Ink capacity—the Invisible Filler—the free-swinging Balance—and the black-tipped lacquer-red barrel, handsome to own and hard to mislay.

Good pen counters wouldn't be without it. Get Parker Duofold today—for you gain nothing by waiting, but you lose the use of the pen that gives one's hand the speed and the character that win with the world.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady Duofold, \$3; Over-size Jr., \$3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, \$4
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THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON, W. G.

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Duofold
With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. \$5
Intermediate size

Lady Duofold \$5
With ring for chatelaine

OVER-SIZE
\$7

Rivals the beauty
of the Scarlet
Tanager



Radio
Speakers
\$12 to \$25

The NEW MARMON now becomes an even Greater Automobile because of these *Important New Developments*—

THE CAR which we believe to be the most roadworthy, the easiest handling, the safest and the most dependable in all the world is now endowed with new super-performance and super-efficiency qualities which establish a new high-water mark in motor car engineering.



In improving the performance of this majestic and luxurious automobile, Marmon engineers have at the same time found ways to lengthen its life and eliminate waste in its operation.

Conspicuous among these new developments is the Self-Lubricator. Simply by pushing a conveniently located pedal, every chassis bearing point which requires frequent lubrication is oiled instantly and adequately. It adds to the life of the car—to the joy of motoring; it saves time, annoyance and money.

The Three-Way Oil Purifier—The old way to keep the engine oil pure was to change it frequently. The new way is the *Three-Way Oil Purifier* (exclusively Marmon). All forms of extraneous matter, both solid and liquid, are automatically removed from the oil. Furthermore, all vapors distilled out of the oil are returned to the combustion chamber. There is not an iota of waste. It does away with annoying routine. It saves repair bills and adds to the life of the car. It is simple and fool-proof. You can get it only in a Marmon.

The New Combustion System combining Double-Fire Ignition with the efficient New Marmon gas intake system in the proved Marmon valve-in-head engine gives the Greater New Marmon a new and amazing magnapower quality which is evident the first half-mile you drive the car. It is evident in smoothness of power flow, in acceleration and the quiet mastery of every difficult task.

These important new developments have been added at no increase in the price of the car.

Line of four luxurious, roomy and richly appointed Standard Closed Cars at exactly open car price. Also Standard Seven-Passenger Sedan, only \$75 more than the open car and a comprehensive selection of De Luxe Models permitting intimate expression of personal tastes



The **NEW MARMON**
"It's a Great Automobile"

[Simply by pushing a pedal, oil is forced automatically to all points of the chassis which require frequent lubrication.]



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something
about them
you’ll like”*

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Haldeman-Julius Co., Dept. A-94 Girard, Kans.

Packard Six Owners Are Loyal

PERHAPS you have wondered why so few Packard Six cars are offered for sale by used car dealers.

The reason—98 out of every 100 Packard Six owners remain loyal to Packard, never giving up their cars for any other make.

For example—of the Packard Six cars sold during the last five years in the following cities (51 of the 873 in which Packard cars are sold and serviced) only 2 out of every 100 have been replaced. And these generally for reasons having nothing to do with either car or service.

Atlantic City	Evansville	Pittsburgh
Aurora	Grand Rapids	Portland
Baltimore	Hartford	Rochester
Boston	Houston	Rockford
Bridgeport	Indianapolis	St. Paul
Brooklyn	Jacksonville	Salt Lake City
Buffalo	Jersey City	Savannah
Camden	Kansas City	Seattle
Chattanooga	Louisville	South Bend
Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Stamford
Cleveland	Minneapolis	Toledo
Columbus	Montreal	Toronto
Davenport	New Orleans	Trenton
Dayton	Omaha	Washington
Denver	Oshkosh	Williamsport
Duluth	Peoria	Wilmington
Easton	Philadelphia	Worcester

Evidently, the chances are really 100 to 1 that you too will be satisfied if you buy a Packard Six.

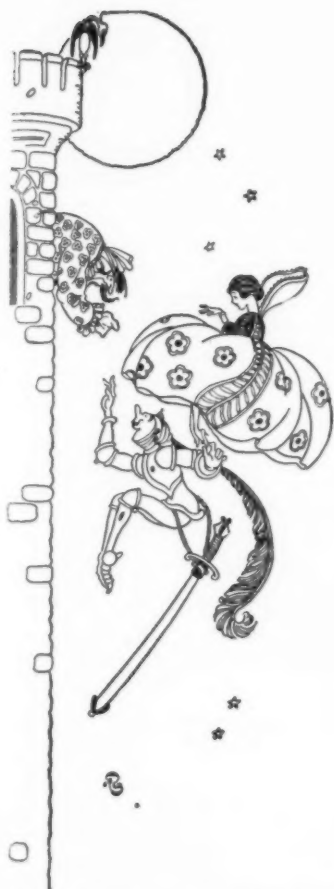


Packard Six and Packard Eight both are furnished in ten body types, four open and six enclosed. Packard distributors and dealers welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his Packard out of income instead of capital.

—of a distinguished family

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



YE INVENTION OF YE PARACHUTE

To a Movie "Cute Kiddie"

NEVER for you the careless innocence

Of kite and top, of games and random romp.
Scarce past the wonted days of crawl and toddle,
You strut amid the blaze of film-dom's pomp.

Never for you those artless little ways
Of normal childhood, nor unconscious graces.
You are well schooled. You take, with clockwork ease,
Your super-"cunning" postures and grimaces.

Never for you the healthy smudgy cheek.
Poor little man! Harken to Duty's voice!
There's bread to earn—and Mommer's diamond brooch—
And Popper's new Rolls-Royce.

John V. A. Weaver.

DAILY greeting, flapper to flapper:
"Well, dearie, what's the bad word to-day?"

Life

Amor Vincit Omnia

THE last faint flush was fading from the western sky as they came to a halt together before a rustic seat half hidden by a clump of bushes. With a smile he turned to her. "The mean precipitation at Budapest in May, 1924, was 2.5 inches."

She glanced up at him pertly. "There were 3,264,433 cords of pulpwood cut in Canada in 1923."

"Yes," he murmured, sitting down beside her, "there are 165,962 automobiles registered in Oregon."

For a moment there was silence. Then she said: "But after all, Celestine III did ascend the papal throne in 1191."

"True," he replied, "but that no-wise alters the fact that Madagascar contains over 3,387,968 inhabitants."

Her eyes hardened; she drew back. "There are over 2,700 Buddhist shrines in Nepal."

"H'm," he sniffed, "the Keokuk Dam is over 4,359 feet long."

Incredulity showed itself in her face,

yet still she sighed softly: "The distance from Leningrad to Mukden is 6,971 miles."

Slowly his arm stole about her waist. "There are 4 pecks 6.1 pints in one Attic medimnus."

"And 3.30579 centiares in one tsubo," she whispered.

In the darkness their lips met, "the Ojuela bridge at Manzanillo was completed in 1900."

A soft kiss was heard in the darkness, "the average annual expenditure of a family in New York City is \$1,525.72."

A long, long sigh stole out over the silent trees, "the average annual income of a family in New York City is \$1,493."

A. F.

Convenient

ETHEL: Why is Gladys so eager to spend her honeymoon in France?

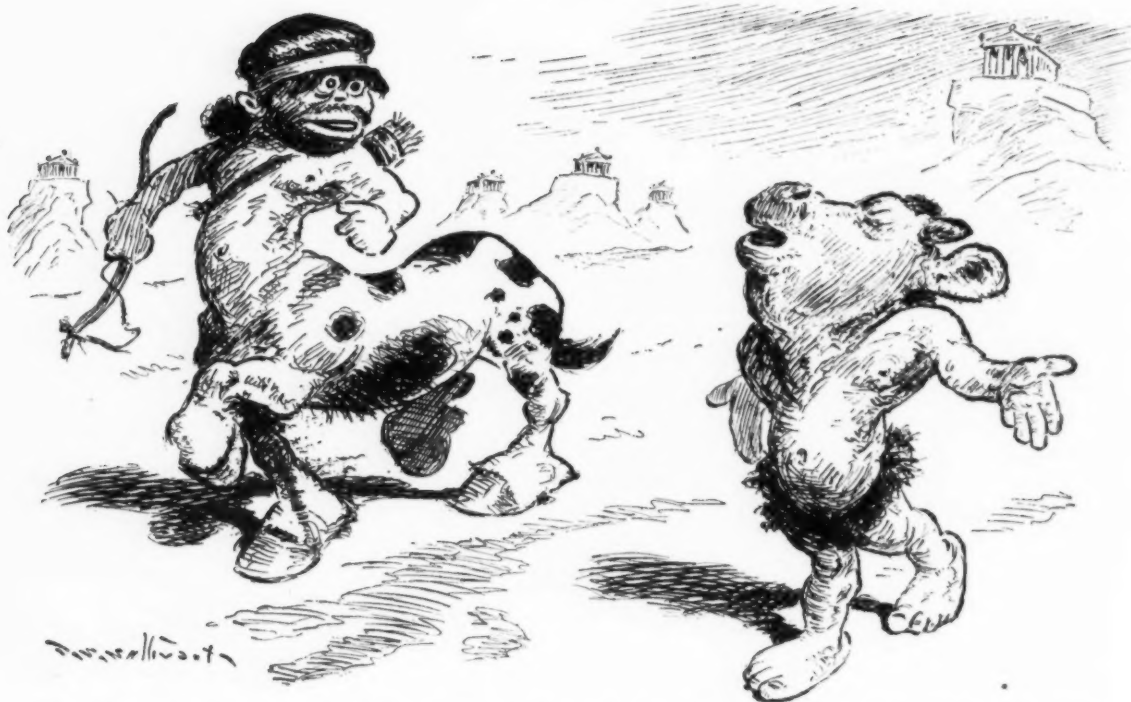
CLARA: The poor girl hasn't quite made up her mind whether it's a love match or not.



Affable Old Lady: IT'S A FINE DAY, MISS.

Youth: IT'S A FINE DAY, BUT I'M NOT A "MISS"; I'M A "MISTER."

Old Lady: OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON. YOU LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE A BOY THAT I TOOK YOU FOR A GIRL.



The Minotaur: YES, THIS IS AN AGE OF UNBELIEF! WHY, THE DAY MAY COME WHEN SOME PEOPLE WILL DOUBT WHETHER YOU OR I EVER EXISTED!

Bedtime Story

ONCE there was an author who had one row after another with the critics.

"These fools!" he shouted. "What do *they* know about Art? Parasites, asses that they are! How can they presume to pass judgment on my work?"

At last he decided to show the critics up.

"I will write," said he, "the silliest book I can write and I will have it published abroad under an assumed name. Then I will have it translated and published over here. After which all the critics will fall on their faces and hail it as a Masterpiece. Then I will show them up!"

So he did write the silliest book imaginable, and he had

it published under an assumed name abroad, and then he had it translated and published over here.

And before very long, a critic came out and hailed it as a great book. Then a second critic came and hailed it as a great book. And a third critic, and a fourth, a fifth, a sixth...

When the twelfth critic had added his praises to the laudations of the others, the author announced that the book was his and that it was excellent.

And when the eighteenth critic roasted the book, the author sat down and wrote him a letter, asking him, "What do *you* know about Art, anyway?"

Bertram Bloch.



COMIC STRIP ARTIST GOING THROUGH HIS DAILY DOZEN

The Vogue

BILL: When are you going to pay me that ten you owe?

PHIL: I intend to open negotiations with you soon with a view to funding the debt.

OUR Bureau of Missing Wars has just reported the discovery that the Tacna-Arica dispute is not a disagreement between a couple of rival tooth-paste manufacturers. That matter being settled, our Bureau is now endeavoring to ascertain what it is.



By One Who Has Been Reading Michael Arlen



A BRITISH expert objects to steam heat in offices because it tends to make stenographers sleep during business hours. Well, the girls have got to get their sleep some time.

—JL

One in every hundred persons in the United States has a criminal record, according to the Department of Justice. And, luckily, nobody saw the other ninety-nine shaking up those cocktails.

—JL

The Americanization of Europe goes merrily forward. A Spanish bullfighter has been hit on the head by a pop bottle thrown by a spectator.

—JL

The California State Board of Health believes that the span of life may be extended to one hundred and twenty-five years—which will be good news for the insurance companies, but bad news for those who sell pianos on the installment plan.

—JL

Picture the predicament of a newspaper reporter who is assigned to write a snappy, original story on the occasion of John D. Rockefeller's one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday.

—JL

A new German dye company is to bear the name, Interessengemeinschaft der Farbenindustrie Aktiengesellschaft, and those who owe any money to this corporation will save time by making checks payable to "Cash."

—JL

On the heels of the French Debt Commission came the Czecho-Slovakian Debt Commission, followed closely by the Italian Debt Commission—which leads to the conclusion that Commissions may come and Commissions may go, but the debts run on forever.

—JL

In the matter of collecting our war debts, there seems to be something radically wrong with Mr. MELLON's receiving set.

—JL

And when it comes to dealing

with visiting Frenchmen, we think we prefer TILDEN to MELLON.

—JL

Service in the Red army of Russia has been made compulsory for all those who do not work. Over here we dispose of this class by sending them to Congress.

—JL

They are making flesh-color stockings in attractive shades; but the girl who doesn't wear any has a shade the better of it.

—JL

Those American airmen who traveled all the way to Morocco in quest of trouble must feel pretty jealous when they read of the recent goings-on in Washington.

—JL

Marshal LYAUTEY has "resigned with regret" from the French command in Morocco. The regret, we imagine, being about as genuine as that of the patient when the dentist says: "Well, you needn't come any more."

The assessed value of real estate in New York City is now \$17,119,659,544, which gives the promoters in Miami a definite mark to shoot at.

—JL

It is news items like the foregoing that cause Methodist conferees to predict the ultimate destruction of New York by a jealous God. Vast wealth is always a curse and a menace when it happens to be concentrated somewhere else.

—JL

Whenever a clergyman, an evangelist or a lay reformer in Emporia, Kansas, utters a fresh denunciation of the wickedness, the blasphemy and the nakedness of New York, seventeen Emporia citizens telegraph to the Waldorf-Astoria for reservations.

—JL

The National Association of Manufacturers is (or are) to "discuss taxation" at this year's convention, but our guess is that nothing will come of it. The only "discussions" we ever heard on the subject invariably started with, "Some guys get away with murder," and concluded, "Aw, there ain't no justice."

Echoes from Florida

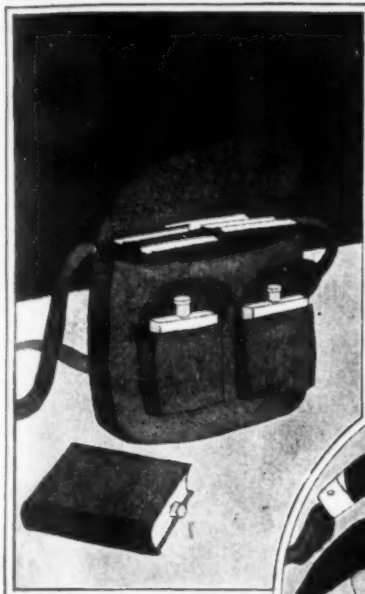
14 MILLION automobiles... mostly Fords...
788 camps for same... A twenty-five-cent room at nine dollars a day... A cold-storage egg and toast for \$3.65... The friend from Hogg Center, back home... All the golf trousers in the world... "He came down here without a cent and now—"... "Five years ago you could have bought that place for next to nothing, and now—"... The Native who prophesies and hopes for a quick end of the boom so that he can be left in peace... The staunchest Floridian of all... has been in the state three weeks... Sunburn... The unfortunate who did not bring his overcoat... Fish stories... "I'm a stranger here myself." J. Lord.



MR. WILBUR DISPLAYS HIS NEW RECRUITING SLOGAN



The News in Pictures



FOR THE KIDDIES. Smart shops throughout the West are showing this delightful "Volstead Kit," a school-bag in dark green leather with a compartment for the traditional books and two silver flasks for gin and whicky. Another novelty is a pint flask in the form of an algebra which may be carried to high school and then to the after-school dance.

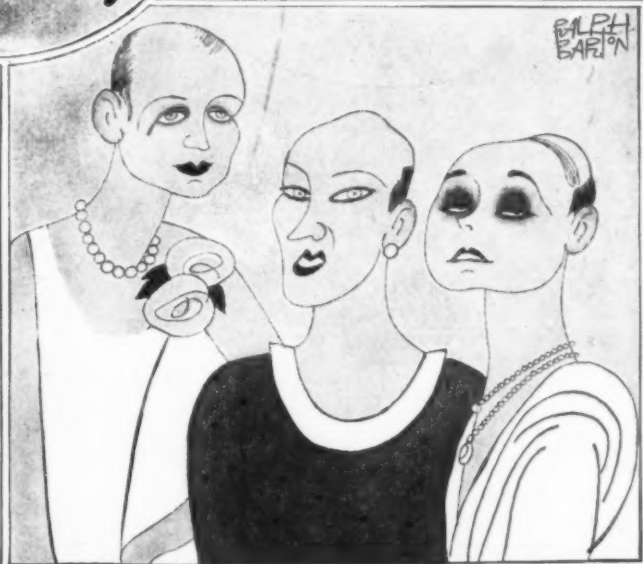


SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE AND SIR OLIVER LODGE snapped as they were returning, late at night, from a meeting of the Spiritualist Congress recently held in Paris. As Sir Oliver was stopping with a friend in the Rue Froidevaux, it was necessary to pass the Cemetery of Montparnasse and Sir Arthur accompanied him to his door. Afterwards, Sir Oliver accompanied Sir Arthur to the latter's hotel. The pair ended by putting up for the night at the Hotel Crillon.

THE HON. CHARLES D. B. KING, President of Liberia, in a recent message of good will to President Coolidge, said that American culture and civilization were fast spreading to the very heart of his people. President King is shown executing a "Charleston" on the lawn of the White House in Monrovia.



FRENCH FINANCE MINISTER JOSEPH CAILLAUX, at home again after his "unsuccessful" debt parley in Washington, mobilizes the sign-painters of Paris for an intensive money-raising campaign which is scheduled to begin in the spring. It is the great financial genius's plan to make America pay its own debt to itself.



A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE. The Benevolent Protective Order of Hairdressers and Hairpin Manufacturers having agreed, in solemn conclave, that cutting the hair continually will eventually produce baldness among women as it has among men, several ladies have decided, for the five hundredth time, to let their hair grow. Our cut shows Mrs. Irene Castle (who began the bobbing), Miss Gloria Swanson and Miss Pola Negri paying the price.



He: I FEEL AS IF I'D KNOWN YOU ALL MY LIFE.
 She: I'D HAVE YOU UNDERSTAND I'M NOT THAT OLD.

Latest Naval Regulations

(Issued for the Guidance of Officers and Men in the Air Service)

1. POLITICS expects every airman to do his duty.
2. We can't all be Congressmen, but we can at least fly over doubtful Congressional districts in a campaign year.
3. In coming down out of control care should be taken to land in a spot where the souvenir concessions will do the most good.
4. The treacherous air lanes of the Solid South should be avoided unless it develops that the Republican Party has a chance down there.
5. Flights over the sea should be indulged in sparingly. The number of qualified voters beyond the three-mile limit is practically negligible.
6. In attempting an altitude record, always remember that there is some one higher up.
7. Never question the wisdom of an order from Washington. Now is the time for all good airmen to fly to the aid of the party.
8. The airplane is primarily a weapon of defense. Always use it with a view to protecting the party in power against defeat at the polls.
9. Let your watchword be economy, particularly when asked to supply information before a naval board of inquiry.

F. W.

One of the Outs

"WHO is the fellow who just remarked that 'bureaucracy is the curse of the country'?"

"That's John P. Blithering. He failed to land a Government clerkship last winter."

HOTEL GUEST (in response to knock on door): Who's there?

VOICE OUTSIDE: A message from a friend in another room, sir.

HOTEL GUEST: Well, put it under the door.

VOICE: Can't do it, sir—I'd spill it.

Ballade of Radio Dramatics

YE shades of Shakespeare, Sophocles,
 De Vega, Ibsen, and Molière,
 Sheridan, Aristophanes,
 Racine, Corneille, old Ben the rare—
 Ye ghosts, get on the ether, ere,
 Tuned into phantoms of the show,
 You're disembodied everywhere—
 The drama's on the radio!

Never did ancient tragedies,
 Plotted for heroes debonair,
 Do violence like the flippancies
 These atmosphere-adapters dare!
 Hist! That's Macbeth! Now hear
 him stare
 While Banquo microphones his woe!
 Ghost of a ghost, ye shades, take care,
 The drama's on the radio!

Gone are your Thespian sorceries,
 And gone the expectant footlight-
 glare,

No more your sparkling repartees
 Shall rouse our rippling laughter
 there.

Alas, where midnight statics blare
 Accompaniment to your numbers, go!
 Beared the cold audience in his lair—
 The drama's on the radio!

L'ENVOI

Chant, Muse, this dirge: "First she was
 fair;

Then tongueless on the screen; then
 lo!

Her body vanished in the air!"—
 The drama's on the radio!

Kirke Mechem.



CONDUCTOR USING THE TIP-UP FLOOR TO INDUCE PASSENGERS TO MOVE FORWARD IN THE CAR.

From a Club Chair

CONSIDER the possibilities for success and you will realize that a man needs genius to fail these days.

Oratory is the art of saying the obvious so nobody can understand it.

Time is the great healer, but it is the manufacturer of patent medicines who accumulates a fortune.

If a man has a large enough family he doesn't have much time to worry about posterity.

Divorce is not so much admission of a bad marriage as it is announcement of hope for a good one.

If you were to ask me who makes the greatest daily contribution to our civilization, I should answer, "The street cleaner."

James Kevin McGuinness.



BOYS WILL BE GIRLS

IT'S easy to be as wise as an owl, the chief qualification being the ability to stay out all night.

Paternalism

ANTI-TOBACCO LEAGUE (to Uncle Sam): I should like to marry your daughter, Miss Constitution.

UNCLE SAM: Can you provide her with the lack of popular support to which she is becoming accustomed?

Nubbville Spark

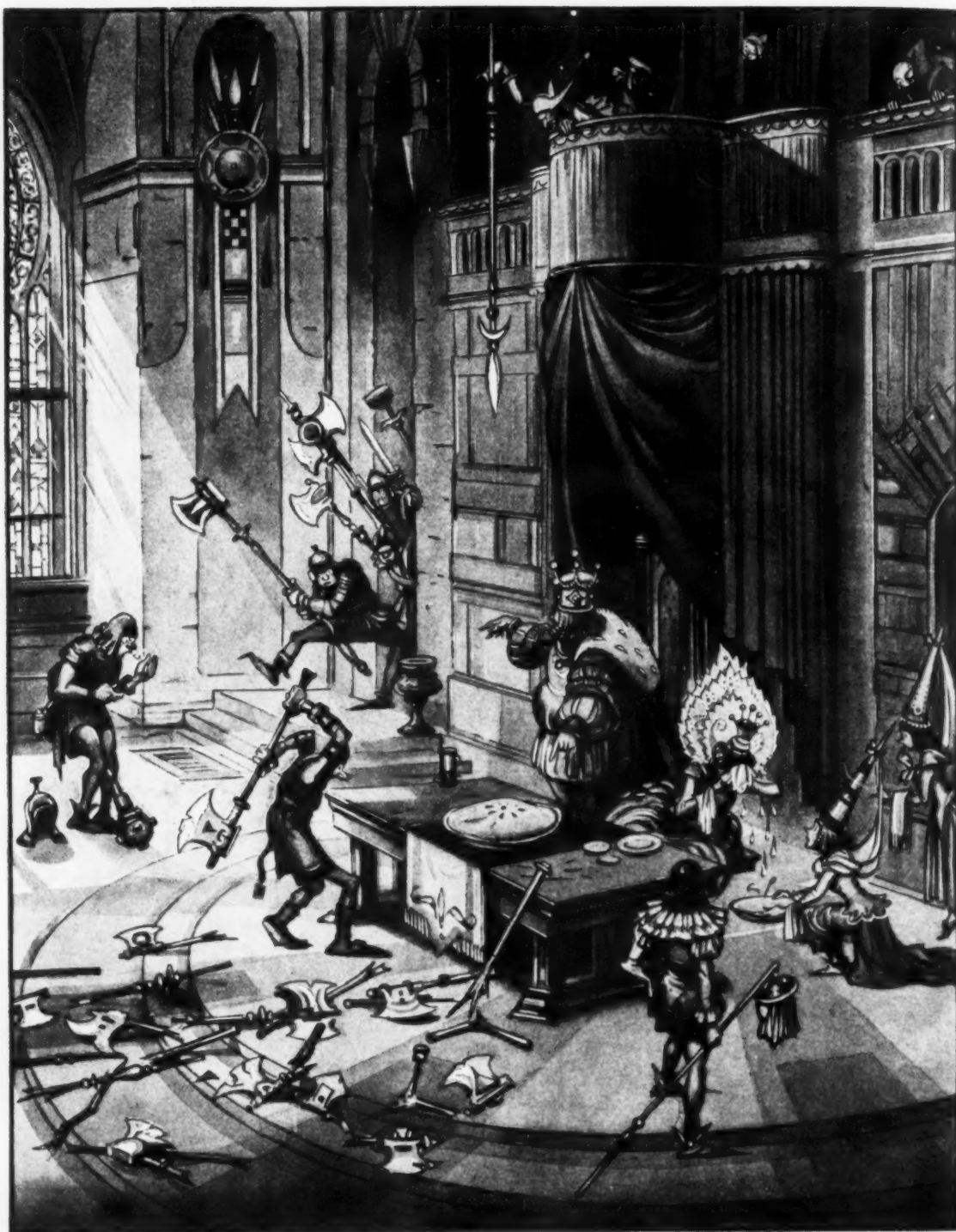
EVERYBODY is impatiently waitin' for the appearance next Friday of the Tenth Anniversary Number of the Nubbville Weekly World, because the editor has been holdin' back all the important local news for several months to use in this special issue.

WILLIS: What's the matter? You look all tired out.

MRS. WILLIS (weanily): I am. I've just been trying out one of those Labor-Saving Hints to Housewives in the magazine.



"ALLIGATOR PEARS? NO, LADY, WE DON'T CARRY 'EM. WE AIN'T WHAT YE'D CALL ROMANTIC FEEDERS IN THIS HERE NECK O' WOODS."



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES

"NOT YE PYE YT MOTHER MADE."



"MY HUSBAND WORKS SO HARD I LET HIM STAY HOME WHILE I GO TO THE MOVIES."
"MINE WON'T GO, EITHER."

The Language of the Heart

("I shot him because I love him so," wept the defendant when arraigned before the judge.)—*News item.*

THE lady stepped into the jewelry department.

"I want a revolver," she said.

"A lady's revolver?" murmured the floorwalker. "Step three aisles to the left to the Arsenal Counter."

"I want to see something in a revolver," said the lady, arrived at the Arsenal Counter.

"What kind of revolver do you wish, madam?"

The lady choked back a sob.

"Oh, dear, I don't know—I've never shot any one before!"

The clerk was all sympathy.

"I see—it is your first?—Naturally you would be a bit nervous. Well, well, why not try a dagger? We have some here from Florence—ivory handled, inlaid with rubies, Damascus blade—"

"But I had my heart set on a revolver—"

"Well, then, a revolver if you will. For whom do you intend it?"

The girl took out a little square of Irish linen. "It's for my sweetheart... I love him so! Oh, I love him so!" She burst into an uncontrollable fit of sobbing; then blew her nose.

"There...there, don't take on so.... Of course, for a sweetheart a revolver is more fashionable and it looks better. ...Here is our Daddy's Darling model, a lovely little pearl-handled thing, twenty-two calibre, sterling silver with one diamond, carats two point four.... *No?*—And here is the Chorus Girl's Friend—or—the very thing...The



THOUGHTLESS

Little Sweetheart! Handbag size, solid silver, ivory handle with tiny compact in the back for powdering the nose after the smoke has cleared away. ...*You will take that?*—Good. And—how about—er—bullets? Of course, you will need bullets, good bullets...."

"Make them of gold," wept the lady passionately. "Oh, I want him to have the best! He is my sweetheart and I love him so!"

"Naturally....Good day; and let us know if you find the Little Sweetheart satisfactory. Good day!"

The clerk looked compassionately after her as a new customer approached.

"Poor girl, she's so nervous she'll probably hit him...."

"What's that, madam? *You want a hammer for a husband?* This is the jewelry department. The hardware, both lethal and kitchen, is below in the basement!"
Cyril B. Egan.

Variant

"THERE'S a spider; don't touch it!"
"Oh, I know that one. It may be Lon Chaney, eh?"

"No—'Dutch' Anderson."



THE GAY NINETIES

A TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION IN THE DAYS WHEN A MAN'S POLITICS WAS IRREVOCABLY DECIDED BY HEREDITY. ONCE A DEMOCRAT, ALWAYS A DEMOCRAT—AND JOINING THE OPPOSITION OR SPLITTING YOUR TICKET PUT YOU BEYOND THE PALE OF SOCIETY ALONG WITH MURDERERS AND HIGHWAYMEN.

Lessons in New Yorkese

Avoirdupois

"WHATTAWANNA know Tessie ammigettin fattoramml?"

"Wellassa frennayours Smae Iwooden liketa say."

"Mehipsis somethin tearabil ainney? Idunno shouda dowexacisis awtake-towa dyet."

"Chadowem bothan gettitovawit?"

"Welliffadone exacisis Iwoodbesa hungry Iwoodensticktowa dyet annifl wennonnadyet Iwood besaweak Icoodendome exacisis. Idunno whattado an-mehipsis somethin tearabil. Iminna delimma."

"Wellya wooden notisit deerie itlooks swell. Chaeat onnis dyet?"

"Awrinch joosanna lamchoppan as-pyrene tablits."

"Fgossakes thawood givva jeebies towa canayryboid thawood."

"WellI gotta star traducin Tessie meh-ipsis somethin tearabil. Feelim!"

"Chatry rollin deerie?"

"Whawood crapshootin dofamakinme thinna yadodo?"

"Notrollinna bones Smae rollinna fat. Gedownonna flawr."

"Gojumpinna lake! Atrollinstuffsa bunk yaonny gefatta offit. Mefra dyet."

"Wellifya astme Ishasay yawas juss-pleasinlyplump butcha gotta idee ya too fattan nubuddys gonnatellya diffrint."

"Anatsat. Imgowin onna dyet. Meh-ipsis somethin tearabil. Feelim!"

"Awyawurry toomuch!"

"WemmaybeyIdo. Anwithallis gabbin metroatsas drysa herons. Chasay wegettus acoupla frawstid chawklits?"

"Wattaboutchadyet fgossakes?"

"Owatsrite! Imijussaswell startraducin rinow. Mehipsis somethin tearabil. Yougechewa frawstid chawklit annIll jusstakea chawklit soda."

Henry William Hanemann.

Fable

ONCE upon a time there was a fishing anecdote that was not a fable.

Your Esteemed Favor

("The old-fashioned business letter is being replaced by one of better literary quality."—*Magazine item.*)

Form 608—After Michael Arlen

The Imperial Bunting Company,
Sandusky, Ohio.

DEAR SIR:

If you have, and being the kind of firm which we know you to be, you have, bunting, bunting, I say, a full flaunting yard in width and in color like the flaming poppies that glow in the formless dreams of a long fever, ship us, I beg of you, six bolts. They must, at the latest, reach us by Friday, therefore immediate attention, *s'il vous plait*, will mean much, how much, I can never say, nor you ever know. But that is as it may be.

Very truly yours,
THE EUREKA STORES.
S. Mannheim.

Form 16B—After Aldous Huxley

The Wilkins Gadget Company,
La Crosse, Wisconsin.

SIRS:

I hear with considerable impatience that you are not inclined to accept my offer for a license to manufacture gadgets under your patents. This ridiculous remnant of medievalism smacks of highway robbery under the threadbare cloak of business principle. "Business," once said Sigismondo Malatesta, "is business," and a world full of fools have believed him just as they have believed La Fontaine and half of Schopenhauer and parts of Euclid. But at least you have not been so



First Debbie: WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, JANET?

Second Debbie: GEORGE IS SO STUPID. WE AGREED TO KEEP OUR ENGAGEMENT A SECRET AND THEN HE WENT AROUND TELLING EVERY ONE WE WEREN'T ENGAGED.

jeune as to pretend to any morality in the transaction. So much is refreshing, and would promise well for our future agreement were it not for the consummate boredom with which the entire transaction has invested me!

Yours truly,
AXEL OLSON.

Form 211X—After Gertrude Stein

Zenith Hardware Company,
Cairo, Illinois.

GENTLEMEN:

Last Wednesday it was Wednesday
and many another Wednesday we that

is you and I or I and you and I am you and we are we sent and we sent and Wednesday was sent an order is an order and more little orders ordering nuts for bolts and why are bolts and nuts are for bolts and vice versa for nuts we have not received nor are received the little nuts and for bolts will you and those who are yours kindly trace and obligingly trace tracingly oblige us for us and we and nuts are nuts for us and we are nuts.

Respectfully yours,
POPPELDORF STOVE COMPANY.
Richard L. Greene.



"YUH AIN'T DONE RIGHT BY OUR NELL."

It's Just Killing

SOME folks expire on a funeral pyre.
And some on the field of battle.
Some will depart with valiant heart,
And some like driven cattle.
And some will hope and others grope
In mankind's age-old blindness—
But here's how I prefer to die:
Just kill me, please, with kindness!

Some people term a deadly germ
Just splendid for deceasing.
While those who choose unsponsored
booze

Are constantly increasing.
A bit of lead still at the head
Of mortuary bliss is,
But may they fit in my obit.:
"She smothered him with kisses!"
Arthur L. Lippmann.



OCTOBER 22, 1925

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*



this writing only begun, but some very hopeful talk has attended its beginning. When M. Painlevé declared the Franco-German reconciliation to be the very keystone of European civilization, that was a good word spoken. When Dr. Stresemann for Germany endorsed that sentiment and said that Germany has turned her eyes westward towards that part of Europe, and wishes to base her policy in foreign relations on "the European idea," that is an announcement of importance.

For it has been a question in many minds, earnestly solicitous for the organization of peace in Europe, which way the German face would turn—towards Russia and the East or towards France and westward. In the present state of the world it is of the liveliest concern to knit together western Europe, and that is what we may hope will be started at Locarno. With various more-or-less-wild people talking about a great coming scrimmage at Armageddon, speculations about the line-up in such a crisis of the nations have been natural even for people to whom Armageddon is a myth, and one great question has been which way Germany would go. If Locarno settles that, it will make, in a very important degree, for peace of mind in Europe.

What Russia will do about it we shall have to wait to see. But that Russia under the domination of its present government will not like it, is something one may take for granted, accepting too the corollary that the delimitation of the western boundary of Ger-

many and the arrangement of Poland will not be easily contrived.

SCALLOPING around the border of all these deliberations and penetrating them perceptibly is the matter of Europe's debts to the United States. Possibly if the prospect of security by agreement in Europe is brightened by the efforts at Locarno, the arrangement about the debts may go on better. To allow these war obligations to embarrass the efforts of Europe to reestablish peace would be a playing with fire, as dangerous to any administration here that suffered it as to Europe itself. The suggestion that M. Caillaux took home was not so bad—that France should pay forty million dollars a year for five years.



AMERICAN politics enters into these matters. Naturally Mr. Coolidge wants to satisfy the country, his own country. Probably some of the other gentlemen in the current conference—Mr. Smoot, Mr. Borah, Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover—take thought for the effect of any agreement in which they concur on their own standing with their own constituents or with the members of their party in general. That is natural enough, but it complicates things. There seems to be an idea that the Germans in the United States would find a satisfaction in having France squeezed fairly tight. That might please Milwaukee, but it would hardly please Berlin, for the reason that whatever money the French pay us they expect to get out of Germany, and whatever money the Germans fork over to France they would

rather have applied to the easing of France than to produce congestion of funds in the United States. It is very unlikely that the Germans in Germany are taking much thought to increase the payments of France to this country. What the Germans at home seem to want now sincerely and intelligently is peace in Europe. If German sympathizers here have regard for their brethren at home, they also will take thought for peace in Europe rather than for any squeezing of France.

One may hope that it is pardonable to wish that our negotiators in Washington in all these matters were somewhat more profoundly practiced in foreign affairs and more intimately conversant with Europe. Mr. Hoover certainly ought to know Europe. Mr. Mellon is used to money, which is something, and not scared about it, and of course he has traveled abroad and is able to take the views of a man used to view large affairs. But what about Mr. Borah and Mr. Smoot, and for that matter what about Mr. Coolidge? The last-named statesman, however, is growing fast in political knowledge of all sorts, as appeared in his admirable address at Omaha.



SALUTATIONS and best compliments to those Methodist brethren who through their Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals have indicted New York for debasing the morals of the country by its wicked shows and its cold attitude towards Prohibition. New York is no better than it should be, and some of its shows one hears are rather naked. And certainly it has too many hold-ups and there are more motor cars here than is convenient, but taken by and large its morals probably compare very favorably with the morals of villages, of such villages as the Methodist brethren probably approve of. The poets and the story writers who have paid attention to village morals in the Middle West do not seem to find them edifying. If the Methodist Board of Public Morals want a show-down they can probably be accommodated. What is skittish in the life of New York is more public than what is debased or immoral or brutal or tyrannous in the life of villages. That is the main difference.

E. S. Martin.



GOOD WORK!



The New Order—"Shall w



"Shall we join the gentlemen?"



Still Coming

IN producing Brioux's "Accused," Chevalier Belasco has done something to justify at least one of the sprigs of checkerberry on his royal documents. It may be dull and full of words; in fact, it is, but it does have a certain academic value for the serious theatre in presenting a genuine problem of ethics.

Whether or not you are interested in this problem depends on how much sympathy you have with a lawyer, hitherto a paragon of professional integrity, who is confronted with the necessity of defending a woman whom he at once loves and knows to be guilty. It was news to us that lawyers were ever bothered by such considerations, and we were fairly attentive during the first few thousand feet of the discussion. Gradually (as Milt Gross would say) after *Edmond de Verdon*, the harassed advocate, had crossed and re-crossed some eighty-five or ninety times, beating his palms and crying: "What am I to do?" and "If she would only speak!" we lost interest and were ready to suggest his calling in Samuel Untermyer, but the problem still remained a worthy one for the theorist who is not easily made fidgety.



AS an added feature of importance to the production of "Accused," Mr. E. H. Sothern was engaged to play the part of the advocate, the first time that he and Mr. Belasco have given the world their joint services (according to the souvenir brochure distributed to each and every patron) since they did "Box and Cox" together as boys in Mr. Belasco's attic. Mr. Sothern wasn't anything wonderful, but it was a pretty tough rôle, and he did succeed in looking extremely young and hearty. In order to accentuate his youthful appearance it was necessary for Henry Herbert, who played the advocate's grandfather, to make up as the little old gnome of the mountains who stole Snow-White and Rose-Red. As a result of this terrific simulation of senility (aided by a very bad wig), Mr. Herbert succeeded in looking like the grandfather in Maeterlinck's "The Intruder" as played by the girls of the Senior Class.



AS follow-up matter to "First Flight," Messrs. Anderson and Stallings offer "The Buccaneer" to the patrons of the Plymouth Theatre and, with the exception of a deadly

final scene, it is good, intelligent entertainment. True, William Farnum resembles Henry Miller a little too closely to throw much of a scare into even the most timid victim of his piratical depredations, and the same tendency toward elaborate and classical banter which weighed down "First Flight" gives "The Buccaneer" the air of being parsed as it goes along. But there are scenes of delightful comedy and civilized satire such as that with *Charles II* (Ferdinand Gottschalk) and the rout of the amorous pirate by a reading of Chaucer which, together with the cold perfection of Estelle Winwood, make "The Buccaneer" one of the few high-grade plays in town.



AFTER an exciting first act depicting a set-to between striking miners and the company's detectives, "A Holy Terror" begins all over again with an evident resolve to be gentle and home-loving. George Abbott, who is a co-author and featured player, has a personality which breeds goodwill, and, just as you don't care if all of Will Rogers' jokes aren't wows, you are willing to put up with such little bare stretches as there are in the last two acts of "A Holy Terror" for the sake of friendship.



ANOTHER personality which makes it difficult to walk out on its vehicle is that given by the good fairies to Allan Dinehart. "Applesauce" is really nothing but a series of cracks about marriage gathered, with infinite patience, from all over the world, including this publication. Every three or four minutes the play stops and the characters are seen dragging in a he-and-she joke by the heels. But Mr. Dinehart is so pleasant that we sat through it, God help us, and so did lots of other people, laughing heartily.



THE INTERNATIONAL PLAYHOUSE (probably Inc.) presents "The Bridge of Distances" as its first move toward international amity and sound-sleeping. It is Chinese in its spirit and theme. The night we attended, we saw Samuel Shipman, author of "East Is West," and were strangely drawn to him.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Accused. *Belasco*—Reviewed in this issue.
The Bridge of Distances. *Morosco*—Reviewed in this issue.
The Call of Life. *Comedy*—To be reviewed next week.

The Crooked Friday. *Bijou*—To be reviewed next week.

Desire Under the Elms. *Daly's*—Two-timing in New England, with the grim O'Neill touch.

Edgar Allan Poe. *Liberty*—To be reviewed next week.

The Green Hat. *Broadhurst*—Katharine Cornell and an excellent cast in what Michael Arlen likes to think is high-class sinning.

Hamlet. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore in the famous brother-and-sister act. To be reviewed next week.

The Pelican. *Times Square*—The child who turned out to be legitimate, with Margaret Lawrence as the appealing and honest mother.

Stolen Fruit. *Eltinge*—To be reviewed next week.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Klaw*—The dean of the infidelity plays.

The Vortex. *Henry Miller's*—A bitter and highly interesting drama of British decadence, by and with Noel Coward.

White Cargo. *Wallack's*—Just the same story that it was two years ago when it opened.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Let's let the whole matter drop.

American Born. *Hudson*—To be reviewed next week.

Applesauce. *Ambassador*—Reviewed in this issue.

Arms and the Man. *Garrick*—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt making up for the loss of the "Chocolate Soldier" music.

The Buccaneer. *Plymouth*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Butter-and-Egg Man. *Longacre*—Wise cracks and loud laughter in a Broadway tale with Gregory Kelly as its star.

Courting. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Scotch talk, pleasant to listen to.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Very successful dirt.

The Gorilla. *Selwyn*—Melodrama burlesqued to the limit.

The Grand Duchess and the Walter. *Lyceum*—To be reviewed later.

Hay Fever. *Marine Elliott's*—To be reviewed next week.

A Holy Terror. *Cohan's*—Reviewed in this issue.

Is Zat So? *Chanin's*—Very funny prize-fight talk.

Jane—Our Stranger. *Cort*—To be reviewed next week.

The Jazz Singer. *Fulton*—George Jessel in the rôle of a Jewish boy with problems.

The Kiss in the Taxi. *Ritz*—French farce made very amusing by Arthur Byron.

A Load of Mischief. *Booth*—To be reviewed later.

Lovely Lady. *Belmont*—To be reviewed later.

A Man's Man. *Fifty-Second St.*—To be reviewed later.

Outside Looking In. *Greenwich Village*—A slice of tramp life which is distinctly worth the trip downtown to see.

The Poor Nut. *Forty-Eighth St.*—College life in its more entertaining phases.

Puppy Love. *Sam H. Harris*—To be reviewed later.

The Tale of the Wolf. *Empire*—To be reviewed next week.

These Charming People. *Gaiety*—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Good all-around French revue, with the Hoffmann Girls and Phil Baker to make it even better.

Big Boy. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Al Jolson.

Captain Jinks. *Martin Beck*—Nice to hear.

Dearest Enemy. *Knickerbocker*—A dainty and tuneful show, with Helen Ford and Charles Purcell.

Gay Paree. *Shubert*—Chic Sale, which is enough for any one to know.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—We are already looking forward to next year's—if this ever stops running.

Holka Polka. *Lyric*—To be reviewed later.

Louie the Fourteenth. *Cosmopolitan*—Leon Errol in a very dressy show.

Merry, Merry. *Vanderbilt*—Much better than it sounds.

No, No, Nanette. *Globe*—It evidently makes no difference to New York that this has been running for a year elsewhere.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—You know it as well as we do.

Scandals of 1925. *Apollo*—George White's annual.

The Student Prince. *Jolson's*—Still worth hearing.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—A big evening's entertainment, with Marilyn Miller and so many other stars we haven't room to name them.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—A real, honest-to-God light opera.

Vanities of 1925. *Earl Carroll*—Plenty of girls, with a word now and then from Julius Tannen.

When You Smile. *National*—Not much one way or the other.



IN CODE

"WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?"
"I DON'T KNOW. HE DOESN'T SAY."



Unsuspecting Visitor: GOODNESS, CHILD, WHAT EVER ARE YOU UP TO—SITTING THERE SO STILL?

"LISTENIN'. MOTHER SAYS THE COLORS YOU WEAR ALWAYS SWEAR AT EACH OTHER —AND I WANT TO SEE IF I CAN PICK UP ANYTHIN' NEW."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

October 16th Awake betimes, reading in the publick prints, and greatly amused at the tendency amongst the criticks to attack Mr. Michael Arlen, now that he is famous and successful, as though he had pretended to be something he is not—namely, anything but light, glamorous and romantic. Why a man should be set upon for making literary capital out of the trappings of this world I cannot see, for I had liefer read about lords and ladies than about our own yokelry, the latter being about all that our native novelists have offered of late. Moreover, I do believe that the gamut of the emotions may be staged just as easily in a drawing-room as on a farm in Iowa, and twice as interestingly, kind hearts and simple faith being at no premium as material for copy, especially when done in dialect. At my accounts most of the morning, lamenting sorely having paid forty-eight dollars last month for a huge hat of black velvet which looks as if it were designed only for state occasions, and causes my friends to mock me for my grandeur, and prompt me to send it to Queen Mary, who not only would find a proper use for it but apparently needs help with her headgear. As Bob Akin once put it, What makes

her tee her hats so high?...Marge Boothby come for luncheon, after which we did set forth in search of some long-sleeved nightgowns for her Aunt Isabel, and there were moments when we wished we had been after the pot of gold at the rainbow's end instead, because then the salespeople would only have remanded us to Bel-



SPECIALLY DESIGNED VEST FOR VEST-POCKET EDITIONS

levue's psychopathic ward and we should have been spared those supercilious smiles....To a great revel this night at the Martins', and on the way home I did ask Sam, Have you had a good time? Where to he responded, I have indeed—the only thing I need to make the evening perfect is a stick of peppermint candy.

October 17th Lay late, reading up the papers and magazines which have been piling up in my house, and I did come upon a symposium on the most beautiful line in English verse, and to my astonishment many contributors had chosen Keats's "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," which is as void of news value as of æsthetic significance. I have never understood the psychology of those who can say, Such and such is my favorite hymn, or so and so is my favorite author. But I was pleased that somebody had mentioned Walt Whitman's "Cycles have ferried my cradle" as worthy of preferment, the general outcome of such an editorial effort being usually such suggestions as "Life is real, life is earnest" or "Now I lay me down to sleep." To luncheon with Edith Whitby, and she did tell me how her small stepson, asked why he did not obey the father whom five minutes earlier he had professed loudly to love, had retorted, I like to love, but I don't like to mind....O to be in the Berkshires, now October's here! It is indeed the irony of life that during one of the most delightful months of the year, the majority of city dwellers are still-hunting for cretonnes.

Baird Leonard.

Poetic Thought of a Credit Manager on a Beautiful Morning

THE noblest words that man's composed
Are few and terse: "Find check enclosed."
E. L.

Cause Enough

"DO you happen to know why the Bixbys were divorced?"
"No, but I understand it started with a joint checking account."

READING the Bible in the public schools may be all right, but let's put it in the pulpit first.



DAY DREAMS OF THE MAN WHO SEES HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPER



VISITORS DO NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND THE DETACHABLE WHISKBROOM AROUND THE PUP'S NECK UNTIL HE HAS GIVEN THEM A DEMONSTRATION OF HIS AFFECTION.

Steel Traps

THE President of the Anti Steel-Trap League has sent us with his kind compliments a pamphlet on the steel trap.

That is, of course, the trap that catches most of the fur animals, a very cruel instrument that maims and tortures its victims and doubtless leaves most of them to die of starvation.

If the Steel Trap scope included submarines, it could get at this moment a better than average attention because the underwater traps knock hard on public notice. But as for the animals, one does not even need to read the pamphlet to know how good the cause must be about them.

But will anything be done? Possibly something. But it seems doubtful. The anti-trappers want to get laws against the steel trap passed in all the States here and the provinces of Canada. Maybe they will accomplish something, but we shall have to know more about animals before there is a much greater extension of concern about their pains and sufferings. So far they are considerably a mystery; forms of life the significance of which we do not quite make out nor know how important it is whether they suffer more or suffer less. We do not really know what their office is in life nor why most of them exist at all. There is a strong decent sentiment against cruelty to them. That sentiment is strongest in the most civilized countries; is very strong in these States, and doubtless grows. This very

pamphlet of the "Steel Trap" is evidence of that, but whether it will affect fur gathering for the fur trade can only be determined by experiment. If it is more important than most people think that animals should not suffer torments, we shall come presently to know why.

E. S. Martin.

MADAM ROTARY: How was your European trip?

MADAM KIWANIS: A great disappointment—we missed an issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* somewhere and it never caught up to us.

Such Is Husbandry

HE stood outside the door, Impatient,
Clasping his hands behind him
And pacing back and forth.
He could hear the swish, swish
Of white skirts
And a man speaking in slow, professional tones.
He thought of his wife,
His own dear Nell
Inside there . . .
Suffering!
And all for him,
Because he had wanted it.
Hours passed.

At last the door opened
And the girl
In her stiff white uniform appeared.
He rushed toward her
With outstretched hands,
Gripped tightly.
"It's a beauty!"
She said.
"The prettiest permanent wave
I've seen in years!"

B. Lee.

No Longer a Wallflower

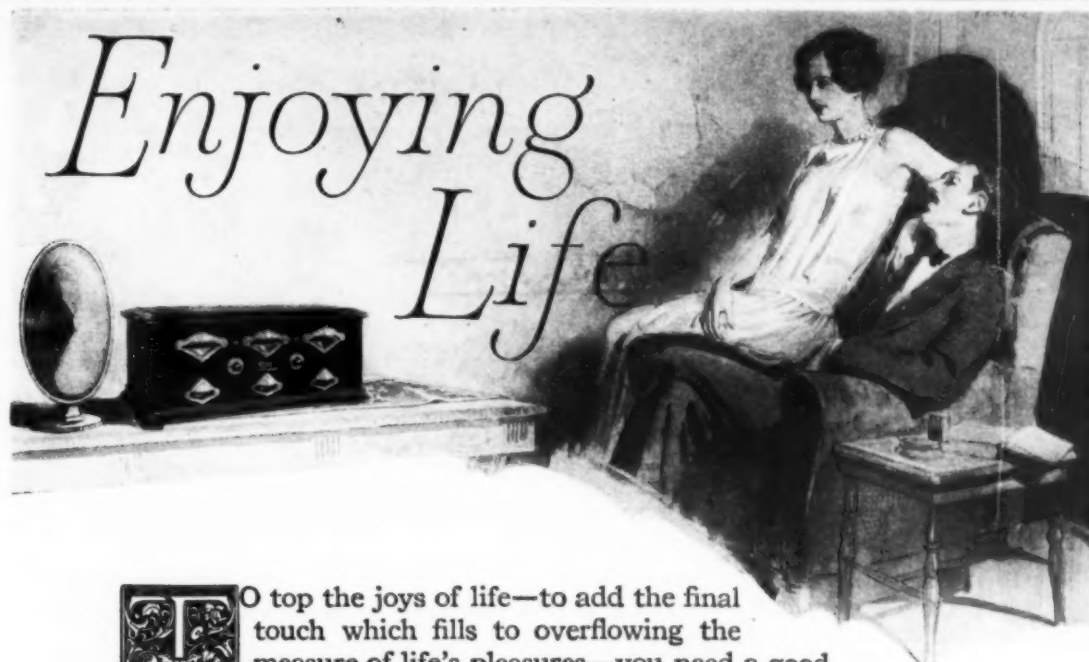
TCM: Fred doesn't tell any more of those funny stories to the girls, I notice.

JERRY: No; he's learned to dance, now.

ENGLISH dressmakers are predicting the return of the long skirt because of the high cost of silk stockings. They'll have to think up a better reason than that.



Department Store Night Watchman: DARN THESE CHEAP SETS—I HAVEN'T GOTTEN ONE BEDTIME STORY THIS WEEK.



Enjoying Life

TO top the joys of life—to add the final touch which fills to overflowing the measure of life's pleasures—you need a good radio set. If it is a Synchrophase, then your pleasure will truly be 100 per cent. It gives you unsurpassed range, any desired volume, a simplicity in operation which is unique; but above all, a tone that is as true and clear as if speaker or instrument were at your side.

The artificiality of sound, the rasping and whistling that take the joy out of radio, are pleasantly eliminated by the Grebe "Colortone."

With this exclusive Grebe development you have complete control of the tone quality of voice or instrument, independent of the peculiarities of the loud speaker used. "S's" and "H's" are plainly audible; a speaker's voice does not sound as if he were tongue-tied.

The Grebe "Colortone" is, perhaps, the greatest contribution to perfect radio reception. Do not miss a demonstration at your dealer's.

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 109 West 57th St., New York
Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Western Branch: 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

This Company owns and operates stations WAHG and WBOQ

THE GREBE SYNCHROPHASE

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Grebe
"Colortone"



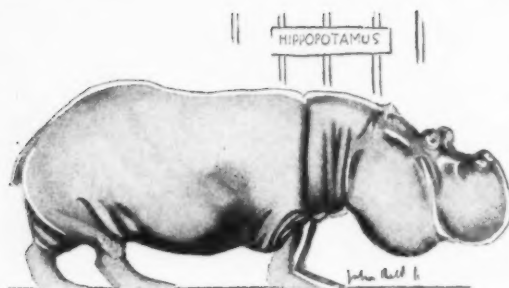
All Grebe apparatus is covered by patents granted and pending

"Comfort and elegance, music and beauty, make life pleasant."

—Yang Chu

The full measure of life's happiness cannot be complete without the Synchrophase.

Dealer



LOOKIT
IT'S
LON
CHANEY!



the SILENT DRAMA

"The Tower of Lies"

"THE TOWER OF LIES" is based on Selma Lagerlöf's impressionistic novel, "The Emperor of Portugal," which won some prize (I forget what); on the screen, however, it appears to be a direct transcription of the celebrated story which ends, "Poppa, to get three thousand dollars in Philadelphia you've got to be good."

Viewed coldly, this theme descends to the basis of every ham melodrama that flourished in what Mr. Culter is pleased to term the Gay Nineties: the little daughter goes to the city, pure and undefiled, and returns, with her lips painted and a strange look in her eyes, to lift the mortgage on the old farm. Furthermore, the aged father wears a beard but no mustache, and the villain carries a riding crop.

To call attention to these things, however, brands me as an old meany, because they are not objects of prime importance in "The Tower of Lies." In spite of its story, it ranks among the genuinely fine pictures: beautifully directed and faithfully played, it achieves a remarkable effectiveness in visual and emotional appeal.

VICTOR SEASTROM has directed "The Tower of Lies" with his usual expressiveness, emphasizing the details that contribute most forcibly to the dramatic strength of the picture as a whole.

Of the cast, Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer and Claire McDowell stand out with performances of immense power. At first, none of them is particularly convincing, but in the latter scenes, after the sharp blade of tragedy has fallen, they absorb the spirit of their characterizations and bring them to life.

Each new picture in which she appears demonstrates more clearly that Norma Shearer is the most intelligent of the younger movie actresses.

She can handle the subtleties of emotion with infinite delicacy; she can grasp an idea without reaching for it in the manner of a ball player making a circus catch.

As for Mr. Chaney, he too is improving steadily; he is becoming more and more independent of his make-up box.

"The Man on the Box"

ALTHOUGH Syd Chaplin's latest and most strenuous effort, "The Man on the Box," is considerably more amusing than "Charley's Aunt," it is still un-funny. There are isolated bits of excellent pantomime which are worthy of the Chaplin name, and there are a few good gags; it takes more than that, however, to make a comedy really comic.

"The Man on the Box" may prove convulsing to those whose sense of humor has not progressed beyond the "Get-a-horse" era, but it can be no more

than mildly entertaining to the sharp-witted readers of LIFE (adv.).

"The Girl Who Wouldn't Work"

IN "The Girl Who Wouldn't Work" we may observe a picture of lost opportunities. Equipped with an interesting and potentially dramatic story, a good cast and a director who appears to have some progressive ideas, it manages to be spineless and, at times, downright foolish.

Marcel de Sano, who is hailed (because of his work herein) as a great director, justifies some of the salvos of praise; but he will have to learn that individual scenes, however effective they may be in themselves, are valuable only in relation to each other. He has concentrated on spots in the story and has allowed logic, character development and coherence to go chase themselves around the block.

"The Girl Who Wouldn't Work" would have been a fine picture if it had been handled by an intelligent continuity writer such as—such as—well, fancy that! I can't think of one.

THIS last crack may appear, on the face of it, a little harsh. If so, I should like to hear from any one who can put me in my place with a few telling facts.

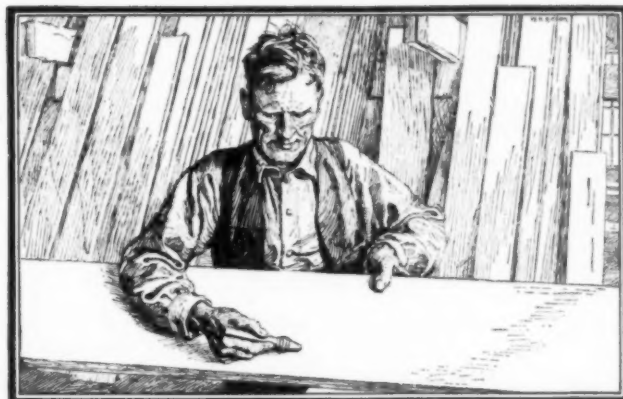
There are plenty of good actors and directors in Hollywood, and many more good camera-men; but if there are any consistently competent continuity writers, what are their names, and why don't we of the great public hear of them more often? It seems to me that in this one department lies the answer to that persistent question, "What's wrong with the movies?"

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31)



NORMA SHEARER IN "THE TOWER OF LIES"



Why not add a Lumber Expert to Your Factory Staff ?

LUMBER producing today has been put on the solid basis of a science. But lumber using has not yet quite caught up. There is still a good deal of unnecessary waste and cost.

This is nobody's fault—particularly. Simply lack of information. Persistence of old rule-of-thumb methods. Confusion as to kinds of lumber—and the grades and properties of the various kinds.

A costly thing! But it is being corrected—even though slowly, through such agencies as the Weyerhaeuser Specialist Service.

Already several hundred industrial men are benefiting by the Weyerhaeuser Specialist Service.

And out of this service to American industry have grown hundreds of *permanent, regular customers* for Weyerhaeuser Lumber. Men who order their full requirements on the scientific specifications agreed upon between themselves and the producers.

THE Weyerhaeuser Specialists will come into your factory on request—analyze your whole lumber requirements—and recommend economical specifications for your various uses.

You may have some uses for which they cannot recommend Weyerhaeuser Lumber. If so, *they'll tell you*—there is nothing for either you or Weyerhaeuser in putting the wrong lumber to use.

But out of the 23 species of softwood lumber on this continent, Weyerhaeuser cuts 13 species—including Douglas Fir, *genuine* White Pine, Ponderosa Pine, Cedar and Larch.

These 13 species are cut in 17 modern mills, each carrying large and complete stocks.

For 24-hour service to customers, Weyerhaeuser also maintains two distributing plants at Baltimore and Minnesota Transfer, St. Paul.

An order placed today is shipped tomorrow and delivered to almost any industrial center in a few days.

WITH such facilities, and with the Weyerhaeuser Specialist Service, here is a lumber program beyond anything ever before conceived and carried through.

It is at your service—on request.



WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; and with representatives throughout the country.





Bliss

A college student is a young man who can leave Madison for the Chicago game with three dollars and a quarter, and come back two days later with two dollars, a pair of dice, two empty bottles, an unpaid dinner check from the Terrace Gardens, somebody else's suit and a glorious headache.—*Wisconsin Octopus*.

The Art of Understatement

A ten-year-old boy living on a farm at Fresno is said to have two beautifully striped skunks as playmates. As for the boy's boy friends, it is supposed they have as playmates other boys.

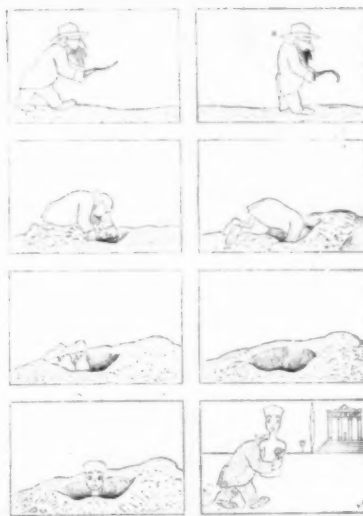
—E. C. A., in *Detroit News*.

"Where's the life of the party?"

"John's just pouring it into the punch."

—*Toronto Telegram*.

SIGN in Butler, Pa.: "Supremely Ideal Shoe Shining."—*Youngstown Telegram*.



THE ARCHAEOLOGIST AND THE

DIVINING ROD.

—*Simplicissimus (Munich)*.

British Phlegm

(As the Spaniard Sees It)

An Englishman on a tour of Spain visited everything that was worth seeing and much that was not. On one excursion he arrived—pipe, monocle, notebook and all—at a tavern.

He drank and mingled in the variegated life that makes up an Andalusian gathering. Suddenly, when the fun he inspired was at its height, a fight broke out; knives flashed, bottles flew, the doors were closed and the place turned into a battle-ground.

When the police arrived three or four people lay wounded on the floor. Those that remained on their feet were taken to the station and submitted to the customary questioning by the chief.

Finally the Englishman's turn came. "And what were you doing during the fray, sir?"

"Smoking a pipe."

—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

Irritating

"That fellow owes me \$500."

"And won't pay it?"

"Won't even worry about it."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Lock Hats

We have just issued an Interesting Booklet

which includes a Description
of Lock's Hat Shop
in St. James's Street
London

A Copy will be sent on request
to anyone mentioning

LIFE

BOSTON LITTLE BUILDING TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON
PALM BEACH PLAZA BUILDING COUNTY ROAD
NEWPORT AUDRAIN BUILDING 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE

Sit Now for your Christmas Photographs



IN October we can render far better service than during the Christmas rush. We will accommodate you in every way possible,—hold the pictures for delivery until the week before Christmas and generally be of greater satisfaction than if you put it off until the last minute."

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Utica	Cincinnati	Manchester	Fall River	Waterbury
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THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

SHAVING is just a before-breakfast incident if you make use of the Gillette Blade. It has the finest shaving edge that steel will take.

Not the product of over-night provision, but of long years of patient research and experiment is this shaving edge. The finest of blade steel, a perfected process of manufacturing and a vigilant inspection system—all of these attest the exceptional value in the Gillette Blade.

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SAFETY  RAZOR

BLADES



The Gillette Bostonian
In gold plate, \$6.
In silver plate, \$5.

Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons"—a new shaving booklet just published. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.



**Springtime
begins**

the moment you board

the
**California
Limited**

exclusively first-class Santa Fe "all the way"—the shortest route between Chicago and California—through a sunny scenic wonderland.

Fred Harvey through dining car—another exclusive feature.

Through Pullman via Grand Canyon National Park.

5 daily trains to California on The Santa Fe.

After California
—Hawaii

mail
this



W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager
Santa Fe System Lines
1236 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois

Send me Santa Fe picture folders of winter trip to California.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Greeley Story

Horace Greeley's illegible handwriting has become a tradition of the country. It is amusingly demonstrated in the following letters:

"Tribune Office, New York City.
"May 2, 1869.

"Mr. M. B. Castle,
"Sandwich, Ill.

"DEAR SIR:

"I am overworked and growing old. I shall be 60 next Feb. 3. On the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand, certainly not now.

"Yours truly,
"HORACE GREELEY."

The reply to this letter was:

"Sandwich, Ill.
"May 12, 1869.

"Hon. Horace Greeley,
"New York Tribune.

"DEAR SIR:

"Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it; but we succeeded and would say, your time, Feb. 3, and the terms, \$60, are entirely satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements.

"Respectfully,
"M. B. CASTLE."
—McClure's Magazine.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Degradation

"Steve, dear," whispered the burglar's bride as he started on his evening's work, "try to be a little more quiet when you come in to-night."

"Coit'nly, kid," replied the fond husband. "Did I wake youse up las' night?"

"No, but you awakened Mother. And I don't want her running up to the penitentiary and complaining to Father that I married an amateur."

—American Legion Weekly.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit; a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Perfect Husband

A man whose daughter had married away from home wrote to inquire what kind of man her husband was, and received for reply:

"I tell you, Father, he's a prime good whistler, and you never saw such a hand for flapjacks in all your life. He's got blue eyes and his father belongs to the church."—Florida Times-Union.

Atthirst

THE SWASHBUCKLER (in melodrama): Another stoup of wine, varlet, dost hear? FLUSTERED SUPER (promoted to small part): Dust where?

THE SWASHBUCKLER (rising to occasion and clutching throat): Dust here!

—Humorist (London).

HENRY FORD says he believes in moderation in all things. With one exception.—Collier's.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



JOHN DAVEY

Father of Tree Surgery

"Do it right or not at all"

Forbidden Trees!

When you cannot employ
Davey Tree Surgeons

More business is declined every year by Davey Tree Surgeons than they accept. Why? Because it is a fixed policy never to waste the client's money.

You cannot employ Davey Tree Surgeons—

if your trees are too far gone to save, even though they are still living;

or if you are unwilling to have the work done thoroughly according to Davey standards.

Davey Tree Surgeons have a list of forbidden trees on which only first-aid work is permitted. These are the trees that a quarter of a century of experience has shown will not respond to full treatment or warrant it.

If your trees can be saved and are worth it, Davey Tree Surgeons will save them. Davey Tree Surgeons are local to you—live and operate in your vicinity—all thoroughly trained and always under organization discipline.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., INC.
275 City Bank Building, Kent, Ohio

Attach this coupon to your letterhead and mail today

THE DAVEY TREE
EXPERT CO., Inc.
275 City Bank Bldg.,
Kent Ohio,

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part, please have your local representative examine my trees and advise me as to their condition and needs.

Clark's Famous Cruises

By Cunard line, new oil-burners

Jan. 20, Around the World Cruise
westward. 128 days, \$1250 to \$3,000.

Jan. 30, Mediterranean Cruise
62 days, \$600 to \$1700.

June 30, 1926, Norway

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Rates include hotels, drives, guides, fees.
Longest experienced cruise management.

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BLEMISHES GONE!

a new beauty re-
mains. A pure, vel-
vety, soft skin free
from complexion
ills. Its astringent
action counteracts
wrinkles, flabbiness,
undue redness and
excess oiliness.

White - Flesh - Rachel

**GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM**

Send for Trial Size
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Ask for **Horlick's**
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

Safe Milk
and Diet

For INFANTS,
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Nursing Mothers, etc.
Avoid Imitations

"The Old Razor was O. K. after all"

Just needed Barbasol
to produce a quick,
clean, cool and silky
shave. No brush. No
rub-in. The modern
way. Try it—three
times—according to
directions. 35c and
65c tubes.



For Modern Shaving

THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department
will be found on page 26)

The Circle. A great play converted,
by the illegitimate alchemy of Holly-
wood, into a silly, inconclusive movie.

The Freshman. Laugh your head
off.

The Pony Express. Another James
Cruze "epic," but this time it isn't so
inspiring.

The Coming of Amos. Rod La
Rocque in a ridiculous melodrama
about an Australian he-man on the
Riviera.

The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted.
Another neglected wife, another way-
ward son and another district attorney
who is torn between love and duty.
Pretty punk.

The Merry Widow. A gay, beauti-
ful and thoroughly satisfactory picture.

The Coast of Folly. Gloria Swan-
son outdoes herself by giving bad per-
formances in both halves of a dual
rôle.

Siegfried. The sonorous grandeur
of Wagner is expressed in moving pic-
tures.

The Gold Rush. No excuses for
non-attendance will be accepted.

Shore Leave. A nice comedy,
played in a nice way by Richard Barthel-
mess and Dorothy Mackaill.

The Phantom of the Opera. Lon
Chaney, the modern bogey man, is
again at large.

Sally of the Sawdust. David Wark
Griffith seems to have dropped out of
things lately.

The Wanderer. A beautiful, im-
pressive and singularly poetic version
of the parable of the Prodigal Son.

The Unholy Three. A mystery
melodrama, and a darned good one, in
which Lon Chaney wears no make-up.

Don Q. Our irrepressible young
friend, Douglas Fairbanks, in a typical
burst of speed.

R. E. S.

Genesis

God made man.

Man made the automobile.

Man climbed into it and drove off.

God took his number, and then made
the pedestrian, lest man should forget
what he had once been.

Man has never yet quite forgotten.

But he is trying to, awfully hard.

John Held

has done the cover for next week's
LIFE—a sprightly impression of
young love entitled, "All Wet." Mr.
Held is the foremost chronicler of
youth and beauty in the world to-
day; he understands and sympa-
thizes with the flapperian viewpoint,
and his drawings reflect the most ad-
vanced thought in undergraduate
circles. There will be another Held
cover—one of the best he has ever
done—on the Football Number
(November 19).

Your teeth the measure of your Beauty and Health



Pebecco keeps glands active,
teeth safe

How you can insure their safety and loveliness

TODAY you can know your
teeth are attractive—safe from
decay—if you protect them nature's
own way.

Your salivary glands should give
your teeth full protection. But
modern foods fail to give these
glands the exercise they need. Their
alkaline flow, today, is not sufficient
to counteract the acids ever form-
ing in your mouth.

That is why brushing helps only momen-
tarily. Only by restoring the full action of
your salivary glands can you prevent decay.

PEBECO gently promotes the flow of
your natural alkaline saliva. With daily
use Pebecco entirely restores the normal,
protective flow of your glands, neutralizing
the acids of decay as fast as they form.

Do not let your teeth deteriorate. Send
for a trial tube of Pebecco. Made only by
Pebecco, Inc. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink
Products Co., Bloomfield, N. J. New York
Office, 635 Greenwich St. Canadian Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10
McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. At all druggists.



FREE OFFER!

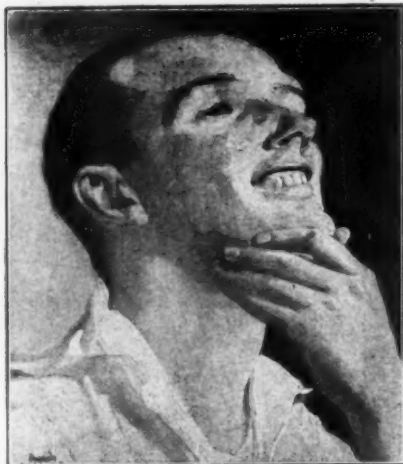
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CO.,
Sole Distributors, Dept. K-20,
Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me free your new large-size sample tube
of Pebecco.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



**Byrd Found a Way to Make
New Blades
Shave Better!**

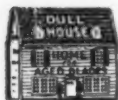
"What's the idea! stropping a new blade?" asked Byrd as he saw me take out a new blade and put it into my trusty Twinplex.

"Foolish question number one," I answered. "It's plain you don't know how much better a new blade shaves if it is stropped before being used. Here, try this."

You should have seen Byrd's smile as the Twinplex edge of that blade went caressingly over his face, leaving a velvety smoothness that was new to him.

Of course Byrd got a Twinplex forthwith and now he wouldn't sell it for \$100.00 if he couldn't get another one. He has thanked me a dozen times for putting him wise. Only yesterday he said: "I've used the same blade now for a month. It's a marvel the way that little Twinplex saves time and money and, Oh boy! what shaves I do get."

Don't wait for some one to hand you a new blade stropped on Twinplex—let us do it.



**Send for this
unique Home
for Old Blades**

Once inside this tiny house with green blinds, blades can't get out to harm anyone. Send roc, name your razor and we will send you a Dull House and a sharp new blade, made keen by stropping on Twinplex. We would just like to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade.

For fifteen years Twinplex Stropers have been sold on approval at leading stores all over the world. Ask your dealer for one.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.

1720 Locust St., St. Louis

New York Montreal London Chicago



**Twinplex
Stropper**

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

Among the New Books

New York in Seven Days. By Helena Smith Dayton and Louise Bascom Barratt (*McBride*). Read this, weep, then go and do thou likewise.

Runaway. By Floyd Dell (*Doran*). The adventures of a vagabond father and a reckless daughter. To be reviewed later.

Uncommon Americans. By Don C. Seitz (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Pencil portraits of twenty-two persons who made their mark in spite of breaking the rules.

Both One. By Sidney Herschel Small (*Bobbs-Merrill*). A triumph of true love over prejudices of race and creed.

Once a Week. By A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Characteristic papers reprinted from *Punch*.

Mr. Petre. By Hilaire Belloc (*McBride*). An English gentleman has a lapse of memory, and some astonishing things happen in consequence. The illustrations are by G. K. Chesterton.

The Depths of Prosperity. By Phyllis Bottome and Dorothy Thompson (*Doran*). Greek's meeting with Greek apparently has nothing on a mother who becomes jealous of her own daughter.

When the Movies Were Young. By Mrs. D. W. Griffith (*Dutton*). The wife of one of the best-known directors recalls the days when the motion picture industry was even more in its infancy—days when Mary Pickford's salary was thirty dollars a week.

Cold Harbour. By Francis Brett Young (*Knopf*). Something different in mystery stuff.

When I Grew Up to Middle Age. By Struthers Burt (*Scribner*). Reflective verse, with a profound introduction on the art of poetry.

Cartoons from LIFE. By Ellsion Hoover. With a foreword by Robert Benchley (*Simon & Schuster*). That's all you need to know.

Possession. By Louis Bromfield (*Stokes*). One of our most promising American novelists reveals his second panel. To be reviewed later.

And They Lived Happily Ever After. By Meredith Nicholson (*Scribner*). A story which begins, rather than ends, at the altar.

P. A. L. By Felix Riesenber (*McBride*). The jacket calls this the American "Tono-Bungay." To be reviewed later.

A Bush That Burned. By Marjorie Barkley McClure (*Minton, Balch*). Another American tale about "nice" people by the author of "High Fires."

Life Begins Tomorrow. By Guido Da Verona (*Dutton*). The eternal triangle, in translation, against the Italian scene.

Jungle Peace. By William Beebe. With a foreword by Theodore Roosevelt (*Boni & Liveright*). The Modern Library makes this notable addition.

Settlers of the Wilderness. By Aline Havard (*Scribner*). For the open-air school of readers.

The Black Magician. By R. T. M. Scott (*Dutton*). Another adventure of Secret Service Smith.

Our Naval Heritage. By Fitzhugh Greene (*Century*). Interesting information about our Navy and our Merchant Marine.

The Woman Thou Art. By Grant Sinclair (*Macaulay*). A month or two ago we had "The Woman I Am," by Amber Lee (*Seltzer*). Next!

B. L.

If shaving leaves
your skin inflamed

INGRAM'S Therapeutic Shaving Cream is made particularly for you. It is more than a rapid beard softener—it prevents all after-shaving irritation and heals troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin smooth, cool, invigorated and refreshed.

Thousands of men have told us that it makes shaving a pleasure—no longer a job to be dreaded.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c. for the blue jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send two cent stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

Established 1885

1838 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Also Windsor, Canada

Made
particularly for
tender skins



**A Sure Way
to End Dandruff**

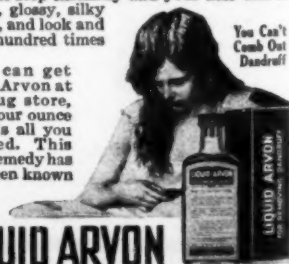
There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

You Can't
Comb Out
Dandruff



LIQUID ARVON

The Crucial Week in Jonesville

"I EXPECTED to do a lot of business in Jonesville this week but all my customers are laying off from Thursday till next Tuesday on account of the football game," said the gray-haired traveling salesman to the head barber in the Hotel New Trianon, Jonesville.

"When this hotel was called the Smith House and Jonesville University was a freshwater college a football game took three hours; now it takes three days, and if a Jonesville Rotarian doesn't have a box seat on the fifty-yard line he goes into a decline.

"I remember when the Jonesville players wore flowing mustaches and turtle-neck sweaters and it is hard for me to figure suspending business in the northern end of the State the week of the titanic struggle with Rolling Prairie College.

"The old Smith House never knew there was a game in town, but the New Trianon's been sold out for a month and I'm sleeping on a cot in

Watch your gums —
bleeding a sign of trouble



Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS

As sappers mine the enemy's defenses, so gum-decay tunnels through the normal gum line and produces tooth decay in its most painful form.

This gum decay or Pyorrhea is most dangerous. The gums become devitalized, relaxed. They recede. They shrink and age the mouth. Gum tenderness is present. The teeth loosen. Also Pyorrhea pockets breed bacteria which drain into the system and cause many organic diseases of mid-life.

Four people out of five over forty suffer from this Pyorrhea; but Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently.

Forhan's hardens the gums. It conserves the gums that hug the teeth and hold them firm. It touches the fundamentals of tooth health in fact. And all this while you are cleaning your teeth scientifically. Forhan's is cool, antiseptic and pleasant to the taste.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

Formula of
P. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

FATIMA

what a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

Sample Room E with the Class of '99, full of synthetic gin and close harmony.

"I'll be glad when the season is over and the business men look in on their offices for a couple of hours."

McC. H.

Acknowledged with Thanks

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt at LIFE'S Fresh Air Camps of the following donations:

Twenty dozen silver table spoons from the International Silver Company, Waterbury, Conn.

Candy, twenty boxes of twenty packages each, from Beech Nut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N. Y.

Box colored papers, crayons, pencils, etc., from Federal Printing Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Excellent eating apples (one barrel to each Camp) from E. O. Dorman, Riverville, N. Y.

In a Bad Way

LADY: Why are you crying, child?

THE CHILD: Ma's a golf-widow and Pa's a bridge-widower and it looks as if I'm going to be a divorce-orphan.

**MOTHERSILL'S
SEASICK
REMEDY**

The positive relief for SEA, TRAIN AND CAR Sickness. Stops the nausea at once. 25 years in use.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct on receipt of price
The Mothersill Remedy Co., New York



EXCEPTIONAL RIDING COMFORT

Travel all day, and the next, and the next. Then you will begin to understand what Dodge Brothers, Inc. have accomplished with their long underslung spring equipment, balloon tires and low-swung body lines.

In touring, the master test of riding ease, Dodge Brothers Motor Car now acquits itself with a distinction you have learned to associate only with vehicles of the largest and most expensive type.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO





Copyright, 1925, The Fisk Tire Co., Inc.

A reproduction of this design in full color will be sent free on request. The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY

The greatest values in automobile history

GENERAL MOTORS believes that Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Oakland, Buick and Cadillac now offer the greatest values in automobile history.

Important improvements in chassis construction add to simplicity and performance. Refinements in body designs increase attractiveness and comfort.

Every change has been made with quality as the prime consideration. Quality is the first law of General Motors. Enormous sums have been invested in more intensive engineering, in labor-saving methods, in reconstruction—wherever a better result might be achieved.

Naturally, large economies are attainable in such an organization as General Motors. It enjoys every advantage of quantity production; it sells in every market of the world. General Motors is passing these economies on to the purchaser. This makes possible the extraordinary values now offered.

The public may depend upon these values. Every car is a car of quality.

GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE • GMC TRUCKS

General Motors automobiles may be purchased on the GMAC Time Payment Plan
Always lowest, GMAC rates are now lower still

Infallible

He tells you the way to do this and do that;

What's wrong with your golf; the defects of your flat;

What to say to the boss; why your shoes are too light;

And the worst of it is that the pest's always right!

Family Pride

I RECEIVED a letter from an acquaintance of mine, Mr. Brewer, who not long ago ran amuck on the Eighteenth Amendment. At the present writing, he is spending some time in the jail of a certain county near here, begging me most urgently to do him a small favor. I went to see him to find out what it was.

I took a bus and put my fare into the bottomless dime-snatcher of Mr. Joe Stephenson. Arriving at the station, I approached the pigeonhole of Mr. Lubitz, and persuaded him to sell me a ticket. Behind the bars on each side of him; I was interested to note, were Messrs. Dunkins and Slatterson, and the information that my train left on Track Number Five was imparted to me with quite unconcealed disgust by Mr. Lurie.

Mr. Cotter, the agent at the station where I alighted, directed me to the jail. Imagine my gratification at finding, when I entered the rotunda, that the warden was no other than Mr. Daffy!

I inquired if Mr. Brewer was in, and he looked over his shoulder and declared that he was. He conducted me to his room on the first mezzanine floor.

On one side of my friend's room was Mr. Silver, a robber of banks, according to the warden; on the other side was Mr. Rosenville, a gangster (whatever that is). My friend's door, I couldn't help noticing, had no nameplate on it.

In a moment I was shaking the poor fellow's bony fingers.

"What is it?" I asked him. "What can I do for you? Why have you sent for me?"

He turned away his head and waved at his door. "It is humiliating," he began, and I understood.

He smiled at me gladly when he saw that I appreciated his embarrassment.

"There is Mr. Silver on my right," he went on, "and Mr. Rosenville on my left; and visitors passing by say to Mr. Daffy, 'And, pray, who is this person?' as if I had no right to be here. It is unbearably humiliating, and I thought you—"

I had a large brass plate made with "Mr. Brewer" on it in red, and sent it down to him by registered mail—registered by Mr. Spoozer of the United States Post Office.

And as for me, I am Mr. Fleming.
B. F.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



THE Better Buick compels admiring glances from every eye. Its refinements of body profile and its Duotone in Duco colors furnish the year's smartest

addition to the landscape. And when you try out its new 75 horsepower performance you will realize Buick has established a new dominance of hill and highway.

The Better Buick

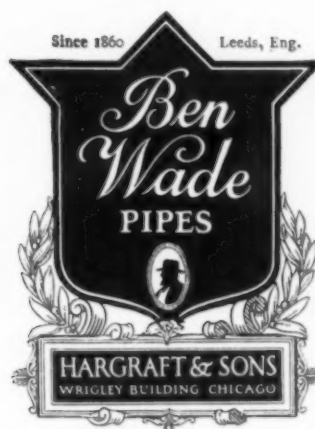
Beech-Nut CANDY FRUIT DROPS

Pure fruit flavor
You'll like them



LIME-ORANGE-LEMON *flavors*

S P O N S O R E D B Y H A R G R A F T



FROM England come Ben Wade pipes . . . different from all others. From the first day on they are sweet, mellow, "broken-in." Breaking-in an ordinary pipe means smoking out the varnish, the stain, the metallic coating inside the bowl. The Ben Wade inside bowl is unstained . . . the briar itself is pumiced and polished by the Ben

Wade patented process. The pores of the wood are opened and kept open for perfect absorption! Precious moments of perfect pipe smoking are slipping by . . . don't wait longer. Ask your best tobacconist for Ben Wade pipes. If he can't respond to your demand write for the catalog of all shapes in actual sizes.

This sign identifies all



Hargraft dealers

. . . THE BOOK . . .



THE MAN who brings his foot down hard is quick to appreciate this remarkable Phoenix silk sock, the famed number 284, which now retails for 75 cents a pair. A *super-sock*. And here's why:

Tipt-toe.

Stout and fine reinforcing strands are skillfully



woven across the top of the toe, where the stub and the pound are hardest. A toe hole eliminator—an invisible strengthening that has added miles of additional service to this most popular of men's silk socks.

. . . OF HOSIERY . . .

Tipt-heel.

The extra band that has been woven across the heel, at the very place where the rub is most severe, especially when low shoes are worn, can



hardly be seen. Yet the strength of the texture at this vital point is greatly increased. Well heeled!

Extra mileage foot.

And now Phoenix master-weavers have



achieved a triumph. A sturdier sole and one which has no loose threads inside to catch and ravel! It means smoother and more comfortable support for tired pavement-pounding feet. Extra stability and better looks have been added by this remarkable improvement. It is "the sole of honor," on a sock of distinction.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

Life

The Daily Sport Lyric

SHADOWY forms in the sun's decline,
Tearing the turf by the whitewash barred,
The plunging backs and the plowing line
Fight for the victory, yard by yard.
This is the game that strong men love,
Play in their heyday and cheer in their age,
Sport that is fit for the gods above—
And this is the verse for the sporting page.

The thud of the ball on a well-trained toe,
And an oval rocketing swift and far;
A throng deep-hushed as they watch it go,
Then hell broke loose as it clears the bar.
Fighting with all that is theirs to give,
These are the men of the heroes' breed;
This is the game that they know and live,
And this is the kind of stuff they read.

Richard L. Greene.

How to Cure that Cold

If You Follow the Advice of Your Sympathetic Friends

DO not let the cold interfere with your work but stay home from the office, taking lots of exercise in the open air while resting quietly in bed.

Do not take any medicine, alternating it with large doses of quinine, aspirin and throat tablets.

Gargling is effective if one avoids wetting the tonsils.

Eat heartily and abstain from all food until the cold is under control.

Do not consult a physician but get the best medical attention as soon as possible.

McC. H.

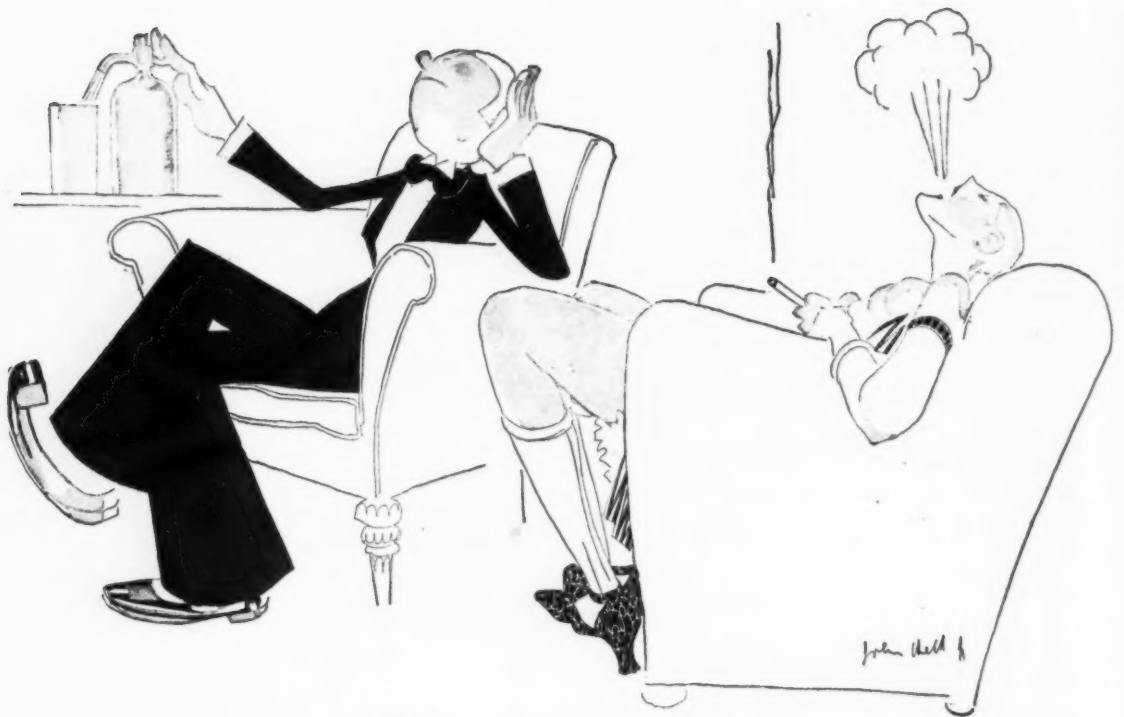
Suggestions for a New Presidential Cabinet

S ECRETARY of Income Tax	Secretary of Evolution
Secretary of Ku Klux Klan	Fundamentalist General
Secretary of Chicago	Bootlegger General.
Secretary to take the blame for everything.	



Young Mother (proudly): SEE! BABY IS LEARNING TO WALK!

Friend: OH, DO YOU THINK IT REALLY WORTH WHILE TO TEACH HIM? PRACTICALLY NOBODY WALKS NOWADAYS.



Ursula: IS MY NOSE SHINY, DEARIE?
Lambert: NO, BUT YOUR RIGHT KNEE IS DUSTY.

He Will Be

"SO your husband has taken your radio all apart?" said Mrs. Suburbs. "Is he a radio expert?"

"Not yet," replied Mrs. Saylor. "He hasn't got it back together."

"SOME one," philosophized the speeding motorist as the car ahead polished off a pedestrian, "some one is always taking the jay out of life."

Résumé of an English Best Seller

MOST Englishmen are like that. He took his bath. Most Englishmen are like that.

Travers liked Whamskeough.... Rum sort of a chap, Cavendish. At Whamskeough there was a bit of salmon fishing, goodish hunting and a bit of rough shooting. Most Englishmen are like that.

And the fast-fading sun of a Northern African tiffin seemed to

warm the water at his feet. Even in the Sudan wastes he kept up to scrum, had his wash. Rum sort of a chap, De Longpré.

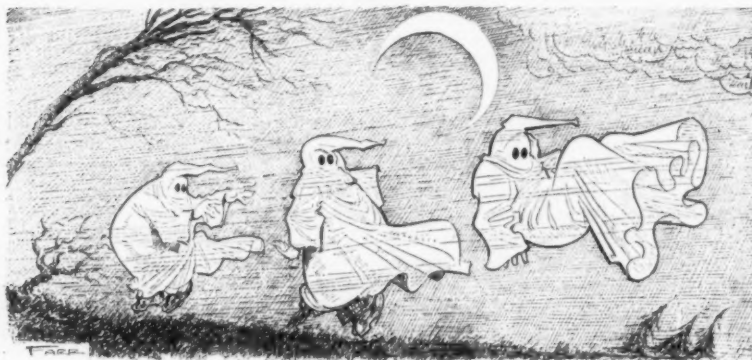
Bad bit of business for the Major.... Scrape at Nahwilliullah.

"I'm infernally hungry, aren't you?" he said as he slipped a quid to the doorman at Muggs' club.

The fact that he had been seen at Brighton with a blondish bit of fluff from the Savoy was the least of the insults he had thrown at Pamela.

The curate was a regular sort of chap. He took his tub. Cold winters in Whiffinghamshire, but the curate had to have his tub. The squire liked good beef and ruddy ale. He had taken a first at Brasenose and afterwards had been burched on the Strand. Most Englishmen are like that.

James B. Farrell.

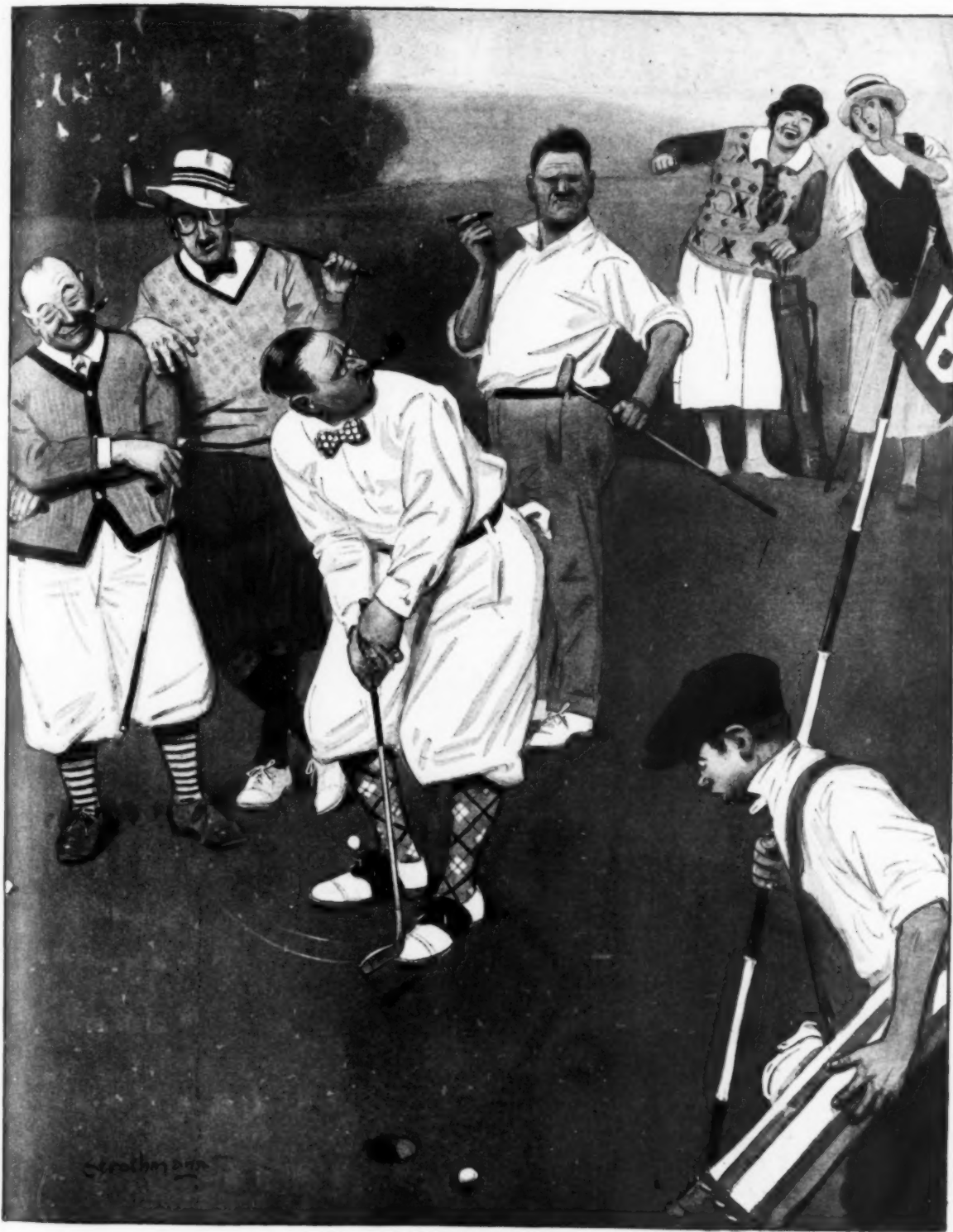


THREE SHEETS IN THE WIND

Curious

CALLER: Does that dog bite?

HOUSEWIFE: We just bought him, so I can't tell. Come in and see if he does.



MENTAL HAZARDS—NO. 7

THE WIFE



ANDREW J. VOLSTEAD, accepting a post with the Prohibition department in the Northwest, announces that Prohibition will shortly be rigidly enforced. We await from him a similar startling declaration to the effect that Mah Jong and "Yes, We Have No Bananas" are about to sweep the country.

A suitable wall motto for the VOLSTEAD home would be: "Let me but write the laws of a nation and I care not who enforces them."

Reports from Egypt indicate that the Sphinx is cracking—probably from the strain of keeping a secret for six thousand years.

HARRY HEALY of New York had his name changed to SCHWARTZ so that he might marry a Jewess. And at last

accounts the snakes, with a wild hissing of triumph, were descending upon Ireland again en masse.

Pittsburgh's new fifty-two-story university building will be visible thirty miles away, say its sponsors. What they mean, presumably, is that it would be visible thirty miles away.

Fifty Yale men, it is learned, spent the summer in the FORD plant assembling cars. Harvard and Princeton men are eagerly watching the effect of this preliminary practice on the Eli football machine.

The temple in which King SAUL's armor was hidden has been discovered in Palestine. Give the archæologists time, and they'll solve some of our own murder mysteries.

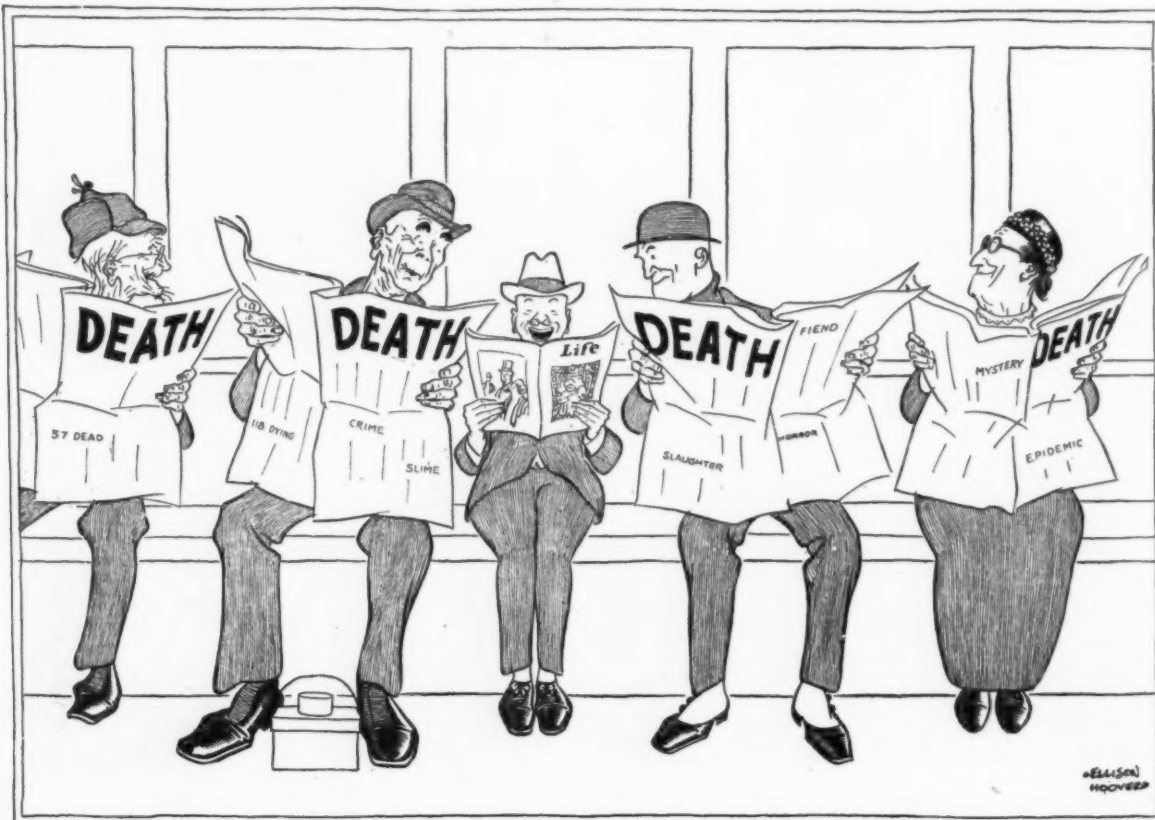
KNUTE ROCKNE, coach of the Notre Dame football team, had a nervous breakdown recently. That's what comes of poring over time-tables.

In New York the civic authorities have been conducting a campaign against crime by means of placards reading, "You Can't Win." Unfortunately, one of the first of these was posted at the entrance to the Marriage License Bureau.

Mystery

"In yesterday's *Times* Leon Sunshine was described as a diamond broker. This was erroneous. Mr. Sunshine is a milliner."—*The New York Times*.

WE had hoped that Mr. Sunshine would prove to be a Florida real estate salesman.



THE LITTLE LEAVEN



The News in Pictures

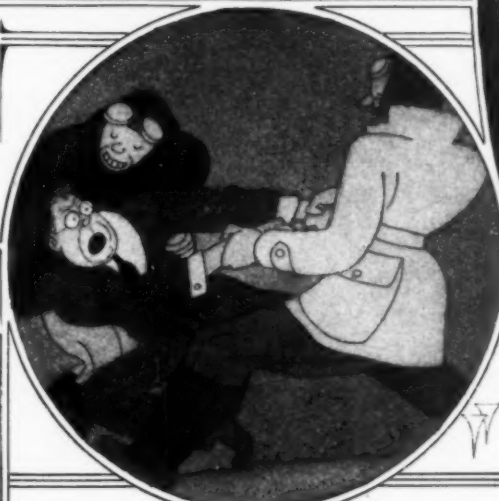


ANIMATED SCENES IN THE STREETS OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL. Word goes out from the Treasury Department that the Government will admit that the Eighteenth Amendment is unenforceable if the present dry drive fails to put a stop to bootlegging. Federal agents are consequently rounding up bootleggers for what may prove to be the last chance at the sugar.



VERSAILLES
21 Oct., 1935.
Dear President Coogan:
All right, all right, all right! I know there is an instalment due, you big Saylock! No one knows that better than I do. I'll send a check in a day or two. Keep your shirt on, for the love of Petal!
As ever,
Louis

A "FUTOGRAH." Oakland man invents remarkable camera which takes pictures up to sixty years into the future. The above example shows President "Jackie" Coogan in the East Room of the White House reading a letter from Louis XXI, King of France. *Inset:* Facsimile of the letter.



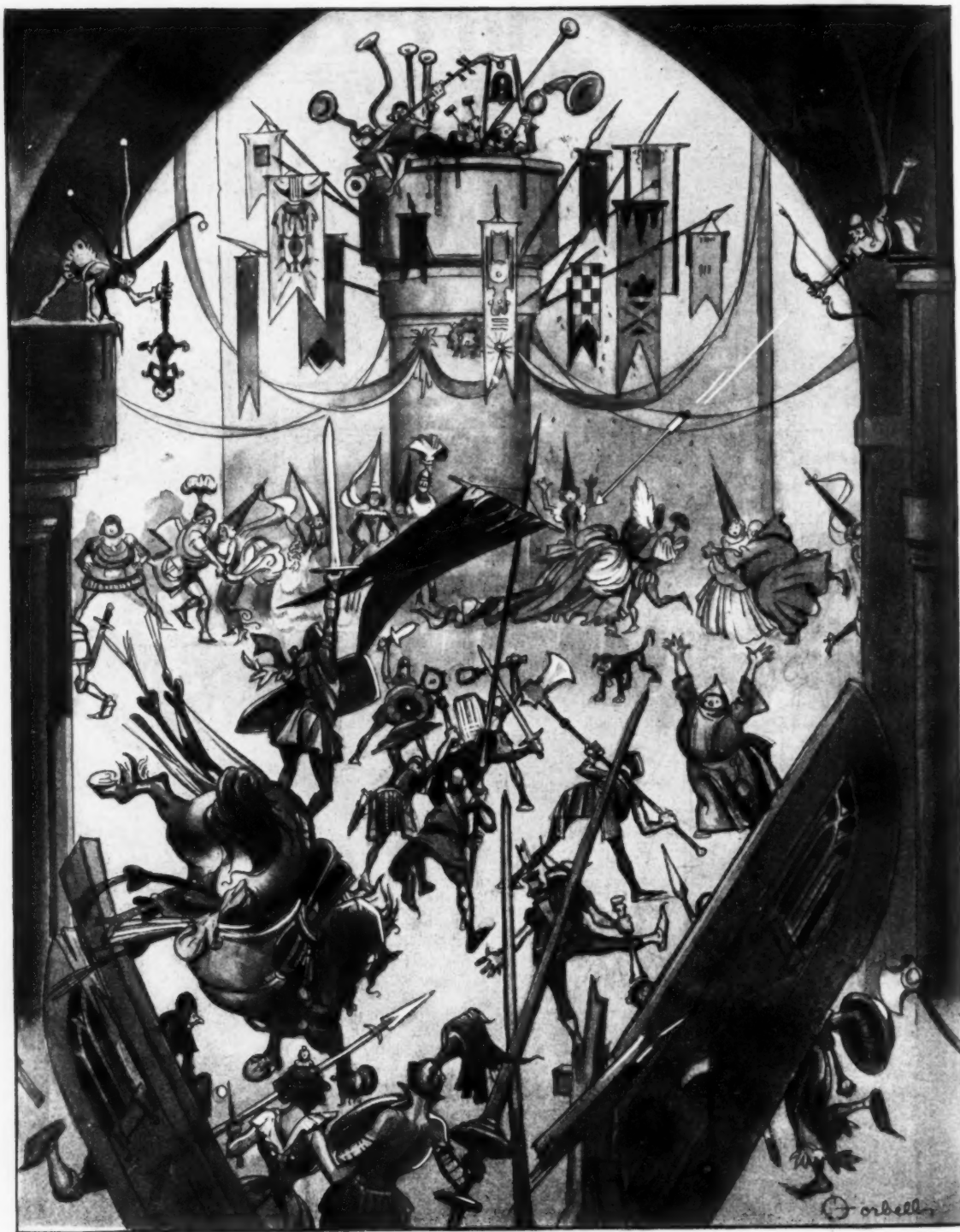
HALLOWEEN PRANKS IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT. Some of the boys in the air service offer to take Secretary Wilbur for a ride over the State Fairs in Maryland and Virginia.



PRINCE OF WALES TO WED AMERICAN GIRL? During his visit in the Cape Verde Islands it was remarked by members of his suite that His Royal Highness paid marked attention to Miss Pansy Blotter, a prominent Salina, Kansas, subdeb. Miss Blotter was also visiting the Islands at the time with her mother, who is said to have arranged the introduction.



THE "INFINITE VARIETY" IN HOLLYWOOD. The recent International Congress of Motion Picture Stars held in the California film capital brought out a bevy of movie queens from all parts of the world. Left to right in the above snapshot: Miss Olga Petrovitch, the Mary Pickford of Russia, Miss Koo-Mwat-May, Chinese screen luminary, Miss Fatima al Raschid, the Arabian star, and Miss Avai Aia, the idol of the South Seas.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
"YE 'CRASHING IN' PARTY."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

October 19th A great aching along the sides of my legs this morning from having over-practiced the Charleston steps which young Frances Bonfoey taught me, I being zealous to achieve the ease and abandon in that dance which permits its more enthusiastic performers to clutch at an invisible something in the air, just as Marge Boothby wants to bring her French to the point where she can open a sentence with "Alors." So telephoned Miss Wright to come and give me a brisk massage, which she did straightway, telling me also of one of her patients who had gone last season to a tailor with the complaint that the summer ermine which he had put on her coat had not turned white with the arrival of cold weather. To luncheon with Laura King in the sitting-room of her hotel suite, neglecting to order salad with my deviled lobster and Julienne potatoes, so that when Laura asked, before dessert, Will you have a sweet? I said, No, thank you, but I should like a sour, whereupon the waiter took my request for a dill pickle with no astonishment soever, in marked contrast to Laura, who nevertheless ate with her cheese one of the two fine ones which he brought me. Asking for news of my old friend, Emmy Jones, I did learn that some of her investments have been unfortunate and that she has embarked in consequence on a scheme of economy, a proceeding so foreign to her nature that I did enquire how she had set about it. Last week she gave St. Paul's a silver communion service which it didn't need, responded Laura, but she's stopped using the elevator in her house because it costs seventeen dollars a month to run it. Shopping on my way home, I discovered some shelled popcorn at Charles's, and bore off two cartons of it, all a-twitter.

October 20th The day begun pleasantly with Canadian bacon for breakfast, over which I did read in the public prints of a woman who, beholding robbers entering the restaurant where she was dining, did drop her jewels into a beaker of coffee, thereby retaining them, and I was reminded of how my grandmother used to secrete articles of value in the laundry hamper, and how I myself whilst in



Traffic Cop: DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S NO PARKIN' ALLOWED HERE? YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR YOUR FRIENDS AROUND THE CORNER.

college would store bank notes in my Bible. Falling to a little book called "New York in Seven Days," I grew so agog over the many things I do not know about my own city that I did ring up Marge Boothby and drag her forth on a tour of exploration. Our luncheon at Fraunces' Tavern, where I have always longed, but neglected, to go, and I was at some pains to conceal from Marge the tears which do always come to my eyes at the sight of flags, patriotic documents and old men in uni-

form, nor was I able to collect myself until she reminded me of the fresh mushrooms awaiting us below. Thence to the Battery, where we boarded the sight-seeing boat which goes around Manhattan Island, Marge taking a snapshot of me perched against the railing so that Sam would credit our story later, and so for an informing cruise of three hours, and when the megaphone man, boasting the value of the expedition, ventured that not one person on deck could tell how Wall Street got its name, I contradicted him at once, having read about it in my little book only this morning, thereby drawing to us considerable provincial attention, to the embarrassment of Marge, who was eating peanuts. Arriving home betimes, our tale did not create the stir with Samuel which we had anticipated, forasmuch as we found him in a fearful wax through his inability to remove the top from a shaker of cocktayles which he had made.... This night I did begin to read Carlyle's French Revolution, fearful of dying before having done so.

Baird Leonard.



NUBBVILLE SPARK

DUNK MOLDY'S MAIL-ORDER SAXOPHONE CAME BY PARCEL POST THIS MORNIN', DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR. FORTUNATELY IT WAS NOT INSURED.

Willing

HE: I like any kind of wild game. Do you?

SHE: Yes; do you happen to know a good one?

From a Club Chair

CITIES are the places in which men herd together to be lonesome.

The tragedy of being poor is that by the time you save enough money to buy what you want, you don't want it.

Now that they have abolished polygamy, the Turks are ready to advance to the two-room-and-kitchenette apartment civilization.

The fascination of golf is that you don't have to believe anything any one tells you about it.

A prophet is a man who tells us things too true to be good.

Crying for the moon is the ideal yearning. There's no chance of your being disappointed by getting it.

In an age of flying and radio, it is typical of statesmanship that it should still have its ear to the ground.

One begins slowly to appreciate the Chinaman's wisdom. He keeps the reformers so busy trying to abolish opium that they have no time to notice such a minor comfort as liquor.

James Kevin McGuinness.

HUSBAND: Dear, will you please turn off the radio?

WIFE: But it isn't on, dear. Now, as I was saying—

Feint Heart

HE said he had not loved before,
But now he'd simply lost his head.
He said that none could love me more;
He would be true till death—he said.

His ardor's limit was the sky,
And prettier vows I've never heard,
But it is just as well that I
Believed not one delightful word.

Lois Whitcomb.

Fairy Story

ONCE there was a young co-ed who was invited to a social function by two students, one a football hero and the other a poor member of the debating team. She chose the latter, saying athletes gave her a pain in the head.



THE GAY NINETIES

The Last Word in Compliments

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ETTA PURDY? SHE HARDLY SPOKE TO US."
"OH, SHE'S BEEN THAT WAY EVER SINCE SOMEBODY CALLED HER A GIBSON GIRL."



"HEAR YOUR WIFE'S BEEN SICK, HANK. HOW'S SHE GETTING ALONG?"
 "OH, 'BOUT THE SAME. BUT WHAT'S WORRYIN' ME IS THAT ONE OF THE HOSSES HAS BEEN
 TOOK DOWN WITH THE SAME COMPLAINT."

Waiters I Do Not Like

THE paternal waiter, who is firmly convinced I am physically incapable of dropping my one lump of sugar into my demi-tasse; who is almost tearfully insistent on knowing whether the *sauce polonaise* is exactly right, and who fills my glass at every opportunity.

The advisory waiter, who interrupts my perusal of the menu with the information that the artichoke is very nice to-day, that the filet of sole is unusually nice to-day, and that the lobster is exceptionally nice to-day.

The disappearing waiter, who is invariably in the mysterious recesses of the kitchen whenever wanted; who stands dreamily contemplating philosophy just out of shouting distance from my table, and who is persistently absent without leave when the time arrives for the check.

The unobtrusive waiter, who hovers behind my elbow in the exact position which makes it impossible to glimpse the number on his badge; who looks precisely like every other waiter in the place, and who is such a nonentity that I can never decide whether he is assigned to my table or is merely part of the general scenery.

The disapproving waiter, who sighs regretfully when I mention cherry-stones *without* cocktail sauce, and whose air of discontent is such that I am bullied into doubling his tip in the hope of eliciting one fleeting smile.

The head waiter, who parades me for miles around an empty dining-room before he discovers a table which suits his fancy; who returns half a dozen

times to learn how everything is, and whose itching palm is conspicuously present when I rise to leave.

And practically all other waiters.

Tip Bliss.

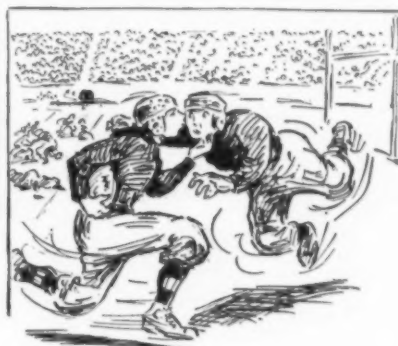
Conjugation

I AM firm-willed.
 You are stubborn.
 He is a pig-headed fool.



INSPIRATION

"REMEMBER, JACK, WHEN YOU GET
 THE BALL THINK OF ME."



JACK DID.



Wash Day

O Helvetia!

THE sign said "Swiss Restaurant." But the place itself gave no indication of backing up the sign. It had no sort of Swissful look. However, the chief charm of these novel eating-places is the suspended surprise.

"What have you?" I asked the Swiss waiter.

"Whaddye want?" he replied. "Hammon eggs, small steak, livirin bakin, hunka apple pie..." National characteristics are quickly fused in the melting-pot of the New World.

"Oh, no," I explained, "I want something Swiss."

"We had some Swiss cheese," said the waiter, "but that was day before yestiddy. Whyncha try a coupla nice lamb chops?"

"But I want something Swiss," I insisted. "Have you any Swiss chard?"

"You wanna poke inna nose?" asked the waiter. "We ain't booleggers."

"How about some Swiss chocolate?" I continued hastily.

"You mean a cuppa cocoa?" asked the



"COME AROUND HERE BALLOON SOUPIN' ABOUT YER HUSBAND BEIN' A NEWSPAPER MAN. WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE?—THAT'S ALL HE EVER HAD FOR UNDERWEAR."

waiter, with faint animation. "No cocoa. Giveya a cuppa cawfee."

"Look here," I said, "is this a Swiss restaurant or isn't it a Swiss restaurant?"

"Sure," replied the waiter, "this is the Swiss Restaurant. How about a nice veal cutlet with spaghetti?"

"No!" I declared firmly. "I don't want any chili con carne or chop suey either. I'm on to you. This place is a fake. You haven't any Swiss dishes—Swiss dishes, and I don't believe either you or your old man ever came from Switzerland."

"You leave me old man out of this!" said the waiter.

"I'm going to take myself out of it," I retorted indignantly. "I came in here for a pleasant Swiss meal with perhaps a little yodeling and bell-ringing on the side. Do I get even a suggestion of it? I do not. This place can't offer anything that isn't on the menu of the usual hamburg and hot-dog joint. Swiss restaurant!" I said bitterly, starting for the door. "This is no Swiss restaurant."

"It is, too, a Swiss restaurant," shouted the waiter excitedly. "Do you see that?" He pointed to a grubby photograph of the Lion of Lucerne.

"What's more," he concluded triumphantly, "we serve the best sea-food of anywheres in the city!"

Henry William Hanemann.

There's the Rob!

FIRST FLORIDA REALTOR: How much would you say that lot is worth?

SECOND FLORIDA REALTOR: Who's listening?



Newly Married Flapper: GEE, I MADE A SWELL CAKE YESTERDAY—PUT IN TOO MUCH BAKING POWDER, THOUGH, AND COULDN'T EAT IT.



OCTOBER 29, 1925

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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A VIO-
LENT
gale from the
North in the
second week

of October and the resulting effort to keep warm made coal a topic somewhat sooner than would have happened in ordinary course. It was very cold, making some folks feel as if the celestial authorities were trying early to make good on some of the disturbing forecasts of affliction that have been put out. Naturally, it turned many minds to thoughts of fuel, but tardily, since even now in a good many places you cannot buy domestic sizes of anthracite at all, while in other places they are scarce and dealers limit you to a ton at a time. Rochester reported scarcity on October 13 with famine about two weeks off. There are substitutes for anthracite and if the pinch is very bad they will be used, but they are not yet popular.

Now, then, what is the matter? John Hays Hammond, who knows as much about it as any one, explains that the continuance of the anthracite strike is made possible by the certification law in Pennsylvania. That law forbids any person to mine coal in that State unless he has "a certificate of competency and qualification." To get such a certificate he "must produce satisfactory evidence of having had not less than two years of practical experience as a miner or as a mine laborer in the mines of the commonwealth." This evidence goes through an examining board of nine members, each of whom must have five years of practical experience in mining in the applicant's district. The upshot is that the examining boards are made up of members of the United Mine

Workers and that all the anthracite is mined by members of that union. So the United Mine Workers virtually own the usufruct of the anthracite mines, and apparently they pretty well own the State of Pennsylvania, since the Governor of that State does not dare call the legislature to repeal the certification law, and quite likely the legislature would not dare to repeal it even if called. Meanwhile the miners won't arbitrate.

Pennsylvania has the coal, and if she will not do anything to put it on the market, so much the worse for the anthracite habit and the revenue that it produces. One of the details of the necessary bettering of this world in which we try to live is the modification of the political morals of the State of Pennsylvania, a large and powerful commonwealth, with bowels packed with necessities of contemporary life, but so used to living by legislative favors that she has ceased to know what it is to give a fair deal to her neighbors.

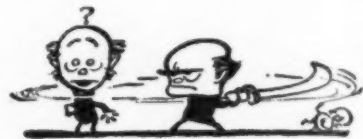


THE efforts to compass the security of Europe at Locarno have gone on fervently up to this writing and promise to have comforting results. The job is difficult, but the need to do it is compelling. What is now proceeding is an effort to include Britain, France, Italy and Germany in an agreement to insure the integrity of the German frontiers. The chief motive to that is to make France easier in her mind so that she will feel able to get along with a

smaller and less expensive military apparatus and allow her neighbors to economize for a while on armament.

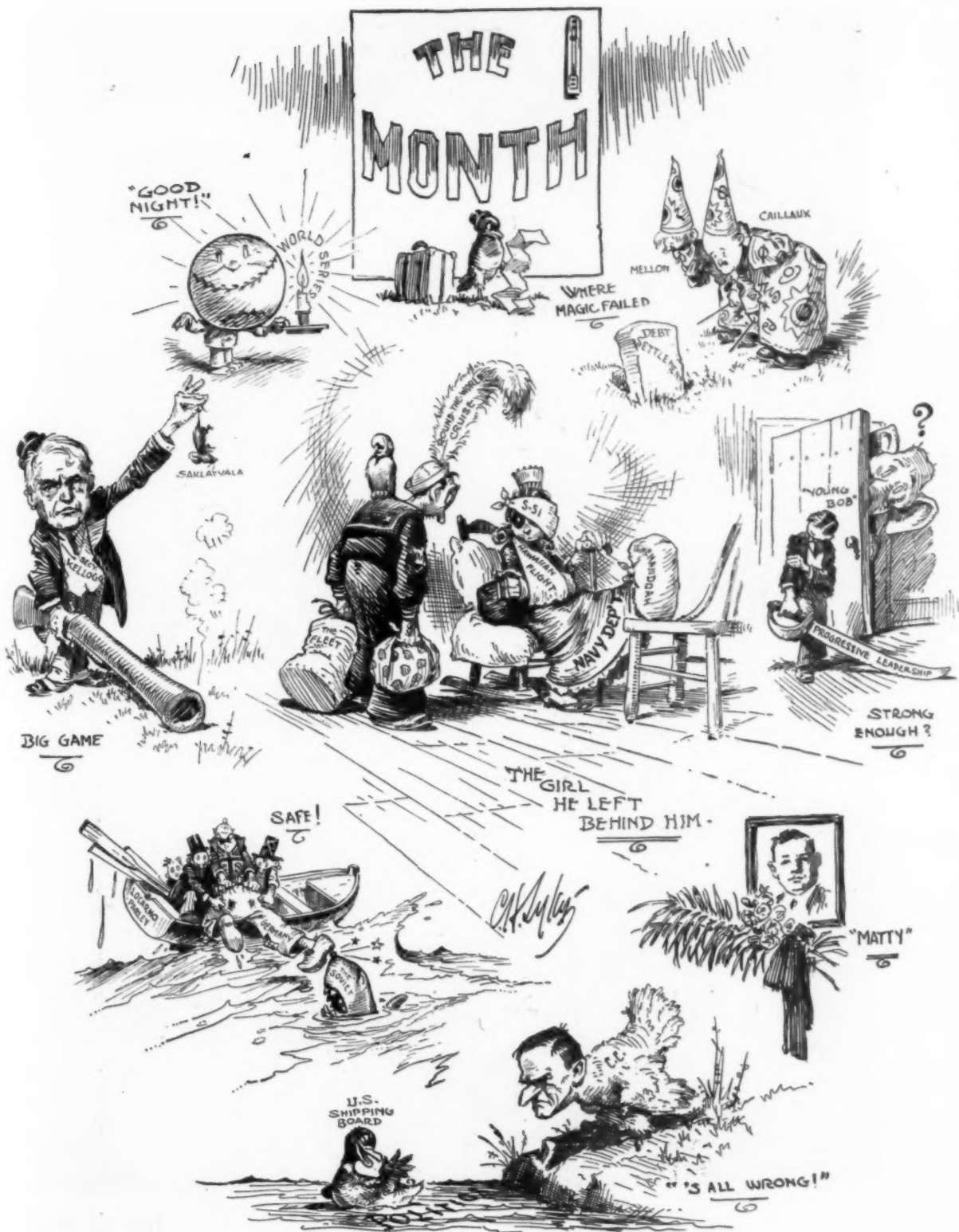
Of course that is desirable and ought to help matters and alleviate fears a little. Germany seems to be coming into the League but is fighting hard for recognition of what is due to her as one of the great powers of Europe. She does not propose to function as a conquered nation that must sign on the dotted line, and it would not make for the peace of the world to have her do so.

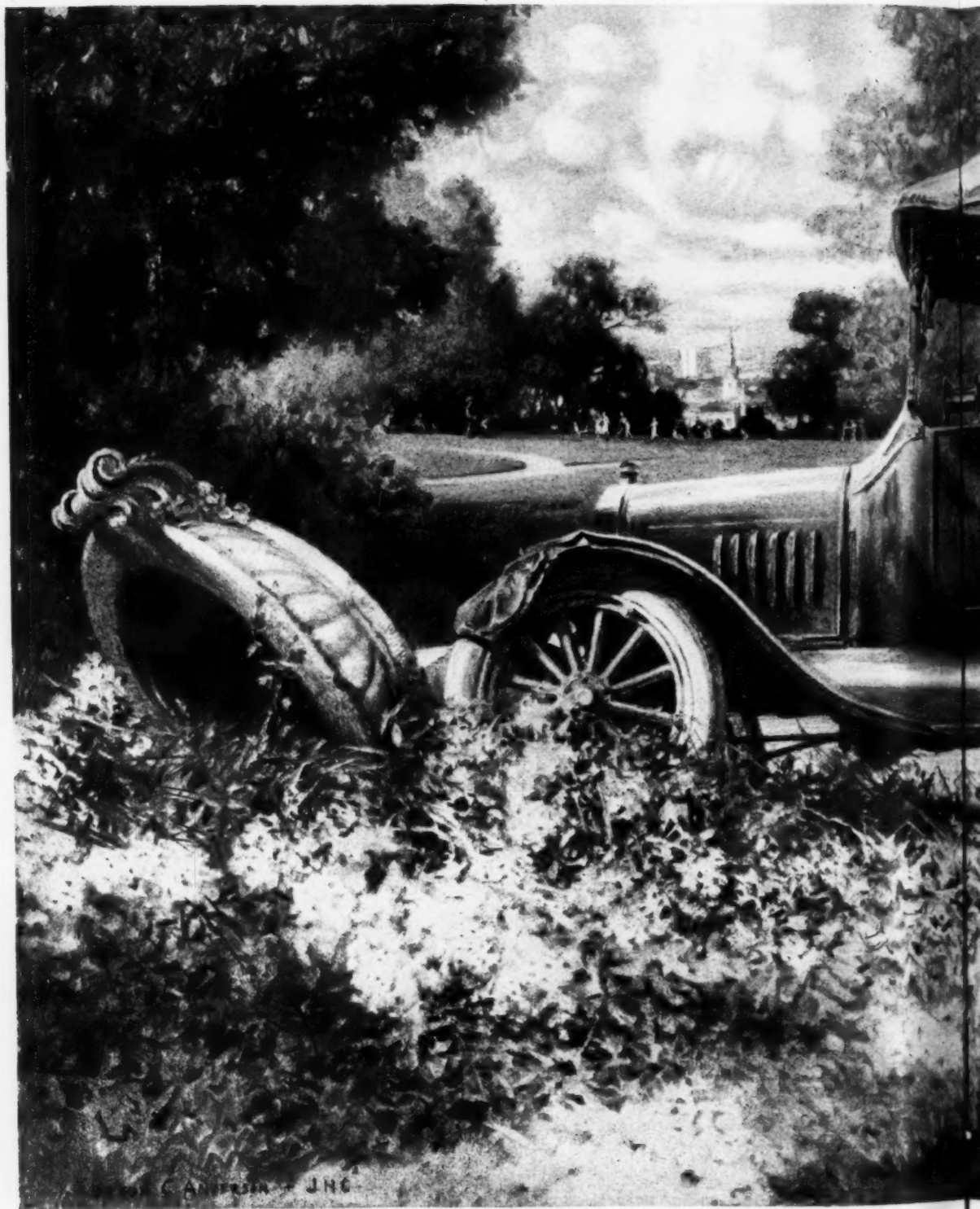
All this pulling together of western Europe is particularly desirable in view of the possible developments of disorder by Soviet Russia. Bishop Brent has been reading what he calls the Bolshevik Bible, the title of which is "The A B C of Communism." He quotes Senator Borah as calling Bolshevism a disease. He dissents. He says it is not a disease, but a religion, and singularly like Mohammedanism. He compares the Communists' Bible with the Koran and says it is very clever, advocating conversion or destruction, and offering a Paradise of comforts as the fruit of perfect communism. Bishop Brent says we "are facing in this regent of Czarism the most powerful product of the war, a world-force to be reckoned with." All of which makes the proceedings at Locarno the more timely and important.



THE Episcopal Convention, sitting in New Orleans, has eliminated "obey" from the marriage service, and Dr. Brown from the house of Bishops. Dropping obey was simply a recognition of what had happened in the world. Dropping Bishop Brown was evidently an unwelcome duty. It is not for a layman to set forth the precise points of diversity for which they fired him, but a good deal of his reported remarks, either at the convention or outside of it, sounded very much like the truth, and if they were heretical, Dr. Brown may merely share with others—some of them sainted, many of them honored—the inconvenient distinction of being a little ahead of his brethren.

E. S. Martin.





"It's all right, office,

LIFE ·



, office, I'm only learning."



Just a Few of Them

AT the rate at which plays have been opening and then automatically closing during the past month, we have no confidence at all that this page will have any more than a slight academic value for collectors by the time it appears. We have a sad little feeling that some of the plays tabulated here will be just memories in two weeks.

We are practically certain of "The Crooked Friday" and "Edgar Allan Poe." They are almost memories now, and here it is only Monday. But in the case of "Edgar Allan Poe," the memory will be ever green, for was it not there that we heard Mr. James Kirkwood as *Poe* rhyme "Annabel" with "cannibal" (kindness of Catherine Chisholm Cushing, the author)? And was not the occasion of this lapse in technique a moving little rendition in recitatif of the freshly composed "Annabel Lee" to pianoforte accompaniment (the fragile lady in question herself at the instrument) with now and then little lapses into light *ad libbing* by the happy pair?

Our memories of "The Crooked Friday" are not so vivid, for we slept soundly during the first act and left at the end of the second. Refreshed by our nap, however, and with mind as clear as a bell during the act we did see, we can swear that we heard a lady saying: "The day came—as come it must—when a woman offers herself to the man she loves." It was shortly after this that we left.



MR. COHAN, in a curtain-speech at the riotous opening of "American Born," modestly denied being necessary to the "important theatre." If he but knew it (and of course he does), he is tremendously necessary to the "important theatre," as he is the only producer in America with a genuine sense of burlesque, the only one who can go mad. "American Born," however, is not necessary to anything. And Mr. Cohan knows that, too.

It is simply one of those Yanks-are-coming pieces, in which two young Americans make all Britishers look very silly (and, incidentally, the two young Americans pick on one tiny Englishman in actual physical encounter, from which the cad emerges quite creditably, whether he was meant to or not), and spend their time wishing they were back in God's country. Any play with Mr. Cohan himself in it is worth seeing, however.

CYRIL MAUDE is an old favorite of ours, and Miss Edna Best is a new one. So "These Charming People" has, at least, these two features to recommend it to our perhaps bilious eye. The comedy itself, which is something Mr. Arlen found in the pocket of an old suit he was about to give to some duke or other, shows signs of having been rejected by producers several years ago when it was called "Dear Father" (it has nothing to do with his book, "These Charming People"—thank God!), and, while it has none of the mahogany finish and Kuppenheimer romance of "The Green Hat," it abounds in hand-tooled souvenir aphorisms which interfere considerably with the easy play of Miss Best's and Mr. Maude's comedy work. Need we add that "These Charming People" is a big hit?



A STOP must be put to our promising young actresses' being lured into emotional scenes so febrile as to burn them up before they get fairly started on their careers. Helen Menken has in recent seasons been the one who has been forced to lash herself into these futile furies, but this year in quick succession we have seen Katherine Alexander and Ann Harding both consumed in what are known as "big emotional scenes," threatening to dry up the ease which has hitherto been their charm in a harrowing exhibition of *Weltschmerz*. This will, if allowed to run its course, soon make "actresses" of them. Miss Harding's Big Moment comes in "Stolen Fruit," an implausible drama of Continental maternity, and her work has been hailed as "a triumph." She is too valuable to be subjected to many more "triumphs," and we hope, for her sake, that "Stolen Fruit" doesn't run long.



WE were just about to write pleasant little notices about "Hay Fever" and "The Tale of the Wolf" when a messenger, wounded and covered with dust, rides up with the sad news that they are both dead, killed in the great October panic. Well, anyway, "The Tale of the Wolf" was nice, and Roland Young and Wallace Eddinger were deserving of a better fate, and we laughed harder at "Hay Fever" than we have laughed at anything else this season. All of which just goes to show how much we count. "These Charming People" is a hit and "Hay Fever" closes. Slip a gun into your pocket, Watson. We may need it before the night is over.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Accused. *Belasco* — E. H. Sothern in Brieux's dialectic drama of a lawyer's conscience. Worthy but rather difficult.

Arabesque. *National* — To be reviewed later.

The Call of Life. *Comedy* — To be reviewed next week.

Craig's Wife. *Morosco* — To be reviewed next week.

The Crooked Friday. *Bijou* — Reviewed in this issue.

The Enemy. *Times Square* — To be reviewed later.

The Green Hat. *Broadhurst* — Elegant love and purple sinning in Mayfair, made almost genuine by Katharine Cornell and an excellent cast.

Hamlet. *Hampden's* — Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore in that sketch of Shakespeare's.

Lucky Sam McCarver. *Playhouse* — To be reviewed later.

The Pelican. *Plymouth* — Margaret Lawrence in mother love which has its moments.

Stolen Fruit. *Eltinge* — Reviewed in this issue.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Klaw* — A fine play dealing with confused paternity and California climate, admirably acted by Pauline Lord, Leo Carrillo and Glenna Anders.

The Vortex. *Henry Miller's* — Noel Coward in his own drama of small people, always interesting and at times downright thrilling.

White Cargo. *Wallack's* — What seems to be a perennial warning against staying out in the hot African sun.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic* — So's your old man!

American Born. *Hudson* — Reviewed in this issue.

Applesauce. *Ambassador* — Routine jokes about courtship and marriage.

Arms and the Man. *Forty-Ninth St.* — Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt adding just what is needed to Shaw's medium-strong satire.

Barefoot. *Princess* — To be reviewed later.

The Butter-and-Egg Man. *Longacre* — A highly amusing arrangement of Broadway trade-talk, with Gregory Kelly as the man who puts up the money.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box* — Three middle-aged women hire three young men to make their husbands jealous. Use your own instincts in the matter. Mary Boland is one of the women.

Easy Come, Easy Go. *Cohan's* — To be reviewed later.

The Glass Slipper. *Guild* — To be reviewed later.

The Gorilla. *Selwyn* — Loudly humorous melodrama.

The Grand Duchess and the Waiter. *Lycium* — To be reviewed next week.

Is Zat So? *Chanin's* — Tough conversation which is very funny.

The Jazz Singer. *Fulton* — George Jessel's characterization of the worried Jewish boy seems to have become a definite fixture for the season; and not without reason.

The Kiss in the Taxi. *Ritz* — French farce which is made more than that by Arthur Byron's delightful comedy.

A Lady's Virtue. *Thirty-Ninth St.* — To be reviewed later.

Lovely Lady. *Belmont* — To be reviewed next week.

A Man's Man. *Fifty-Second St.* — To be reviewed next week.

Outside Looking In. *Greenwich Village* — Tramps in a box-car, and a good thing to see.

The Poor Nut. *Forty-Eighth St.* — Happy Days at Ohio State University.

The School for Scandal. *Little* — To be reviewed later.

These Charming People. *Gaiety* — Reviewed in this issue.

Weak Sisters. *Booth* — To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden* — Those versatile Hoffmann Girls and Phil Baker making a good all-around revue.

Big Boy. *Forty-Fourth St.* — Al Jolson at home.

Captain Jinks. *Martin Beck* — A nice musicalization of the old favorite.

The City Chap. *Liberty* — To be reviewed later.

Dearest Enemy. *Knickerbocker* — Helen Ford and Charles Purcell in a lovely thing to look at and very easy to hear.

Garrick Gaieties. *Garrick* — A revue which is so good that it is keeping Shaw out of the Garrick.

Gay Paree. *Shubert* — Chic Sale is in it, which ought to be enough.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood* — Smart fooling with last season's successes.

Holka Polka. *Lyric* — To be reviewed later.

Louie the 14th. *Cosmopolitan* — Leon Errol in a sumptuous spectacle.

Merry, Merry. *Vanderbilt* — Intimate and agreeable.

No, No, Nanette. *Globe* — Don't tell me you don't know the music.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial* — They don't come any better than this.

Scandals of 1925. *Apollo* — George White's class of young ladies—or young ladies of class, as you will.

The Student Prince. *Jolson's* — If you like to listen to rousing male choruses.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam* — Marilyn Miller and dozens of other stars in your money's worth.

The Vagabond King. *Casino* — A credit to any season.

Vanities of 1925. *Earl Carroll* — Julius Tannen in a setting of girls.

When You Smile. *Central* — Not so good.



YOU DON'T SAY!

"WOT I SAYS, MRS. TIBBLES, IS—IF SHE HADN'T SAID NOTHIN' YOU WOULDN'T 'A' KNOWN WOT SHE MEANT; BUT NOW YOU KNOW SHE COULDN'T 'A' MEANT WOT SHE DID SAY."



Burglar: BEFORE LEAVING, SIR, I SHOULD LIKE TO SAY THAT I AM BUT THE PITIFUL VICTIM OF MY SUBCONSCIOUS. IN MY YOUTH MY MOTHER REFUSED ME JAM, THUS CAUSING A LIBIDO WHICH GAVE RISE TO AN ACQUISITION COMPLEX, DEVELOPING IN TIME TO THE PRESENT MEGALOMANIA IMPULSION. I TELL YOU THIS, LEST YOU THINK ME MOVED BY MERE, SORDID LOVE OF GAIN.

Back Home

"AND what happened to the Briggs boys? Is Big Bill here yet?"

"Indeed he is; he's in the furniture game—got the biggest store in town. And Jake, you remember him; he went into the shoe game down in the city and made a big success. Got a chain of stores now in all the big cities."

"And that sporty little chap—I forget his name—is he living yet?"

"Jerry, you mean. Oh, yes, he's living, and doing well, too. He was here on a visit last spring and had the biggest car we ever saw. He's worth a couple of millions and made every cent of it in the baseball business."

J. F.

On His Wedding Eve

"AND remember, my son," said the father of the groom, "the early husband gets his own breakfast."

ONE of our prominent writers faces expulsion from the authors' union because he climaxed a football story by having the hero win the game with a field goal instead of a touchdown.

Ballade of a Vanished Dialect

"SKIDOO!" is of the vanished past,
 "Tell it to Sweeney!" is no more,
 "Skedaddle!" that I thought would last
 Is now a part of ancient lore;
 And even "Beat it!" that I swore
 Would ever greet the native ear,
 Knows not the vogue it knew of yore.
 Where is the slang of yesteryear?

Forgive me if I seem downcast.

For "Can that chatter!" and a score
 Of others had I once a vast
 Affection. Won't some one restore
 Them to the place they knew before
 They up and left (excuse the tear!)
 For that mysterious phantom shore?
 Where is the slang of yesteryear?

All that the good old days amassed,
 The gibberish at which we'd roar
 When Ade, that grand iconoclast
 Who loved on language prim to war,
 Spilled argot that evoked, "Encore!"—
 All this is faded (patois dear
 That poesy cannot outsoar!).
 Where is the slang of yesteryear?

L'Envoi

Fresh gypsy jargon crowds the hoar;
 A new pseudology is here!
 "Boloney" shows "prune juice" the door!
 Where is the slang of yesteryear?

Edward Anthony.

CONTRARY to the popular notion, it has turned out that athletics take our colleges much too seriously.



MORE RUSSIAN REALISM

THE BALLET MASTER EVOLVES A NEW INTERPRETATIVE DANCE.

A Man of Few Words

To Her

"I LOVE you; will you marry me?"

To Her Father

"I'd like to have your daughter."

To His Father

"I need a job; I'm getting married."

To His Mother

"You'll like Mary; she's fine."

To Her Mother

"I'll be good to her."

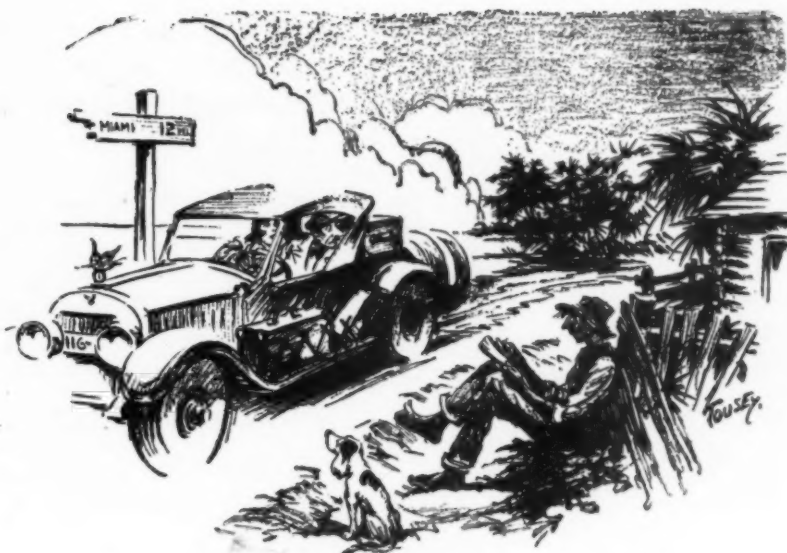
To His Sisters

"Don't make a big fuss; the wedding's to-morrow."

To the Rest of Both Families

"Come and see us some time."

J. A. S.



Motorist: HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE ME TO GET TO MIAMI?

Native: WAAL, I BEEN TRYIN' FER THIRTY YEAR AN' I AIN'T GOT THAR YIT!

Flapdoodle

EDITOR of *Terrible Tales* (to secretary): Find out where this writer Mencken lives, and try to get in touch with him. I see him mentioned in the papers a good deal. He seems popular, and we want somebody with a well-known name to conduct our new "Love Is Best" department.

"It Isn't the First Cost"

AS a special favor, Simpson's business partner gave him four seats to the big football game at exactly what they cost him, thus giving Simpson a chance to take his wife, daughter and

son. The fur coats cost Simpson a thousand dollars and the new car for the trip twenty-five hundred. Three days away from the office he figured at fifteen hundred and two for resting after the game meant about a thousand. Five hundred for hotel bills brought the total cost up to sixty-five hundred dollars.

This wouldn't have been so bad, but the seats were in a corner of the field where nobody who mattered sat, so nobody knew the Simpsons were there. Then, to cap the climax, Edyth, the seventeen-year-old daughter, refused to ride back home in the new car because she didn't like the color. To get her consent Simpson had to promise her a roadster of her own. The last time Simpson counted up, those bargain tickets had cost him a little over eighty-five hundred dollars. And he didn't see the game at that price because just as the whistle blew for the kick-off somebody knocked his glasses off and broke them.

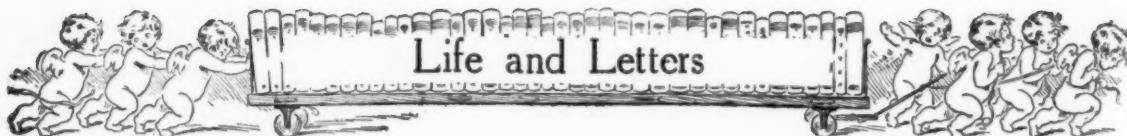
McCready Huston.



Country Doctor: AND WHAT SEEMS TO BE WRONG WITH HIM, MRS. BROWN?
"WELL, I DONNO. THE OTHER NIGHT HE WAS READIN' IN TH' PAPER HOW ALL THIS
HERE RADIO STUFF THAT'S IN THE AIR—JAZZ AN' LECTURES AN' STOCK REPORTS AN'
RED-TIME STORIES—PASSES CLEAN THROUGH A BODY WITHOUT A BODY KNOWIN' IT.
AN' EVER SINCE HE'S JEST BEEN KINDA UPSET IN 'IS STUMMICK."

Indian Summer

AND now come the days of crowded cellars and garages, after the neighbors have returned the lawn mower for the last time, and before they have begun to borrow the snow shovel.



Life and Letters

CONSIDERABLE drum-beating went on in this department when "The Green Bay Tree" was published, because of the conviction that the American scene had at last been invaded by a novelist who promised to do some justice by it. When the promptings of a strong missionary spirit carried this conviction into polite conversation, it was frequently met with a skeptical, "Who is Louis Bromfield? I never heard of him!" there being many people on all of our visiting lists who are as avid for precedent as the

House of Lords. It seemed wiser to wait and let Louis Bromfield answer for himself—to let him say it with books. And now in "Possession" (Stokes) he has spoken up splendidly.

"Possession" is the second panel of the general series on which Mr. Bromfield is at work. It is the story of *Ellen Tolliver*, who in "The Green Bay Tree" ran away with a young man she barely knew in order to escape the narrowness of the Town and become the great pianiste which it was her destiny to be. It is satisfactory to be

told now just how that peculiar elopement came about. It is agreeable to encounter again the lovely *Lily Shane*, who in the earlier book reached the apex of feminine generosity by presenting her young cousin *Ellen* with Paris raiment which she herself had not yet worn—the lovely *Lily* whom Mr. Bromfield has managed to give almost as much lure as Mr. Galsworthy gives *Irene Forsyte*. It is interesting to get a different angle on several characters with whom we are already acquainted. And as for *Grandpa Tolliver*, that delightfully wicked old man!

A novel, after all, is supposed to present a credible reflection of life on the mind of a writer capable of interpreting its nuances. Such a writer is a rare specimen, but Mr. Bromfield seems to be one. Only once in a blue moon is born a realist blessed with feeling and imagination.

WITHIN twenty-four hours after finishing "New York in Seven Days," by Helena Smith Dayton and Louise Bascom Barratt (McBride), I was on a sight-seeing boat sailing around Manhattan Island, about which I had apparently known less than the dust. I hadn't known, for instance, that the colored arrows on the stones in the Park time off various strolls to those walking for business or pleasure; I hadn't known that a waggish sculptor had twisted the lovers' knot over the bride's door at St. Thomas's into a dollar sign; I hadn't known that Charlie Falls did seven marvelous murals for the new American Radiator Building, or that the building itself, about whose black and gold ramifications I had often wondered, was supposed to represent a lump of coal with flames playing about its top; I hadn't even known that one portion is enough for two in a Chinatown restaurant. But now I know all that and a good deal more, including the names, addresses and specialties of several interesting shops and restaurants. It might be fun for anybody with a week off to duplicate the experiences of the hero and heroine of this informal, glorified Baedeker.

(Continued on page 31)



The Village Atheist: I BELIEVE IN NOTHING—nothing—THANK GOD!

Carol of a Loyal Gothamite

NEW YORK'S the town of towns
for me,
My only home, my only true port;
But when spring waltzes in, I flee
To Newport.

I love the sunsets that emboss
Each building with a golden streamer
(Though summer finds me on a cross-
ing steamer).

What can surpass Fifth Avenue
Arrayed with festive dame and dude?
(A
Pity that autumn brings me to
Bermuda!)

My hat is off to Central Park,
To Coney Island's lone and calm
beach
(Although the winter draws my bark
To Palm Beach).

New York is one unending fair—
I'm always chanting loudly of it;
And though I've never lingered there,
I love it.

Simonetta.

ACTRESS: I want to be left alone;
I don't care for publicity.
PRESS AGENT: Great! I'll make a
big story out of this.



"WAS THERE A CONGENIAL CROWD ON THE BOAT?"
"OH, YES—EVERYBODY WAS SO SORRY TO COME HOME."

The Pessimist

"WE must have a City Hall that will
reflect credit on our glorious
town," cried the Chairman. "A gor-
geous building of shiny white marble.
Will every gentleman here pledge him-

self to contribute five thousand dollars
towards a fund to build it?"

A great shout of enthusiasm rose
from the multitude.

"And a magnificent library, towards
which we will each contribute another
five thousand," the Chairman con-
tinued.

A greater roar of assent.

An enormous hospital, a giant rail-
road station, a beautiful park, wide,
well-paved streets, civic centers,
churches, auditoriums, opera houses—
all these and more the Chairman pro-
posed and to each proposal his auditors
assented with splendid enthusiasm.

Presently a thin, dark-faced man rose
in the meeting and spoke.

"I propose that we raise a small fund
to fill in the swamp on which we're
going to erect these magnificent build-
ings," he began, but he got no further.

The assemblage of Florida realtors
set upon him in their wrath and rent
him limb from limb. J. K. M.



Mother: NICE LITTLE BOYS DON'T FIGHT.
Darling Son: NAW, THEY GET THE PANTS BEAT OFF'N 'EM.

The Italicizers

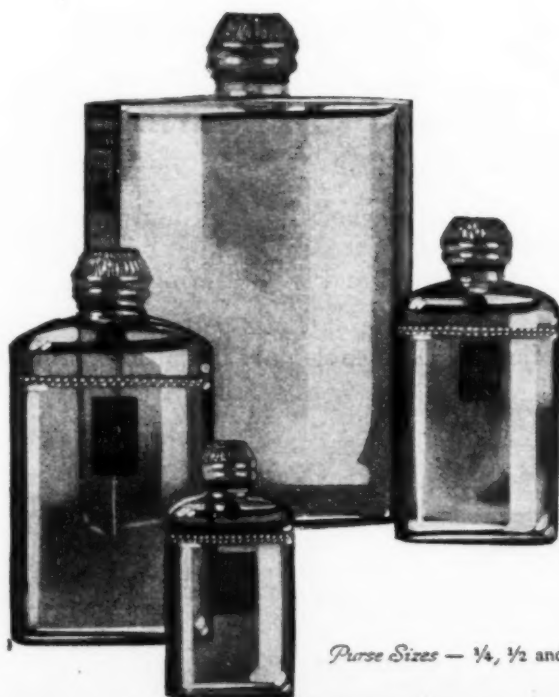
THE people who spent the summer
somewhere *actually* sleeping under
blankets will now spend the winter in
Florida sleeping with practically *nothing*
over them at *all*.



PARFUM "PARIS," COTY

Brilliant, captivating,—it reflects in its fragrance of ever-fresh charm, the endless fascination, the vanquishing loveliness of the city for which it is named. It is in crystal flacons of two ounces for the dressing table, and in tiny "purse sizes" to carry in the hand bag.

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A Character Reading

An enthusiastic reader of a certain popular novelette publication sent a specimen of her sweetheart's writing to the calligraphy expert on the staff of the paper. In her note the reader said: "Enclosed please find a specimen of my boy's handwriting. Can you tell me if he is likely to make a good husband?"

Back came the reply: "No; I'm afraid not, my dear. He's been a pretty rotten one to me for three years. However, thanks for the evidence."

—*Sporting and Dramatic News.*

OLD LADY (to flapper): Shame on you, child, for smoking in this restaurant! I would just as soon get drunk as be caught smoking.

FLAPPER: Well, who wouldn't?
—*Metropolitan Golfer.*

PEACE is an interval during which patriotism is gagged with deficits.

—*Columbia (S. C.) State.*



Mother: I'LL LEARN 'EE TO CHASE THEM FOWLS!

Child (through blinding tears): Teach, MOTHER, teach!

—*From Punch (London), by permission.*

The Road to Ispahan

A Persian gardener said to his prince: "I met Death this morning. He threatened me. Save me. A miracle could take me to Ispahan this evening."

The kind prince loaned him his horses. In the afternoon, the prince met Death. "Why," he asked him, "did you threaten my gardener this morning?"

"I did not threaten," answered Death. "It was a gesture of surprise. For I saw him far from Ispahan this morning, and I am to meet him at Ispahan this evening."—*From "The Grand Écart,"*

by Jean Cocteau (Putnam).

Comedy to Come

One little boy who barely missed expiring from laughter at Harold Lloyd's picture, "The Freshman," didn't want to leave when it was finished. "No, no," he protested. "Let's wait and see the comic, too."—*Kansas City Star.*

"MANDY, what foh you goin' in dat beauty parlor?"

"Go 'long, big boy. Ah's goin' get me a permanent straight."

—*Washington Column.*

NOTHING spreads so fast as new slang in a little town.—*Globe-Democrat.*

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W. MORGAN -

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you leave the door key at home and
the cops catch you breaking into your
own house . . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a
DEITIES CIGARETTE





They stop digestive distress—but not the digestive process!

DIGESTIVE distress is most often the result of excessive acidity of the stomach. And to relieve heartburn, flatulence and gas it is necessary to overcome this excessive acidity.

Alkalines such as bicarbonate of soda will combat acidity—yes. But all too often, they retard digestion. For, unless you take exactly the right amount, they leave the stomach with an alkaline residue.

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The minute you swallow one or two Gastrogen Tablets they go to work to neutralize the abnormal acidity. But that done, they stop. You can eat a pound of them—they can't make your stomach alkaline. The surplus passes out of your system without change. It is then a simple matter for nature to restore the slight balance of acidity so necessary for good digestion.

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe, effective and convenient. They are pleasant-tasting. And for sweetening the breath they can hardly be excelled.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c, also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

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Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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Address _____

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Revived

At the station of Karagath, before Adrianople, the conductor, finding Isaac without either ticket or money, grabbed him by the arm and put him off the train with a well-placed kick.

At the next station he found Isaac again and repeated the expulsion, accentuating the force of the gesture.

At the third station the conductor was completely astounded to find Isaac yet again. Bending low, Isaac attempted to jump off quickly enough to escape at least part of the violence of the attack.

"How far do you think you're going to get like this?" asked the conductor.

"As far as Constantinople," replied Isaac humbly, "if my constitution will only stand it."—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

The Hospital Circuit

A theatrical man who is at St. Luke's Hospital was visited the other day by one of his friends, who had just returned to town.

"How long have you been here?" asked the visitor.

"About a week—but that's nothing," replied the patient. "I've been in six hospitals since I've seen you."

"Who's doing your booking?" asked the visitor.

—*New York Evening World*.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Memoranda

The recent celebration of the golden wedding of Sir Edmund Gosse, the noted British literary man, caused a considerable stir throughout England. This would probably have surprised Sir Edmund's father, the late Philip Henry Gosse, the eminent zoölogist. In his diary for 1849, the elder Gosse made this quiet entry: "E. delivered of a son. Received green swallow from Jamaica."

—*Argonaut*.

Pidgin Pi

"A Japanese merchant therefore has this advantage that he can read most any Chinese document. But the spoken language is quite a different matter and it is a fact that may not be generally known that the Japanese as a class (meaning those who try to speak Chinese) cannot who try to speak Chinese cannot the majority of European and American missionaries do."—*Chinese Paper*.

We didn't know it anyhow.

—*Punch*.

"LITTLE boy, a penny for your thoughts."

"Huh! You must take me for a cheap skate—I'm studying up a limerick to win a \$10,000 prize."—*Florida Times-Union*.

Ice cream has been shipped successfully by parcel post. It says on it, probably: "If Not Delivered in Five Days, Never Mind."—*Detroit News*.



Expensive?—Why no, they are only a quarter for twenty!

"Why not Smoke the Finest?"

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TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE

Laughable

He had come on the stage to show his talent...a new artist...an unknown...and they laughed. Surely his "show" was not hopeless? He made an effort to speak, but they simply howled at him... Then the curtain dropped. The deputy comedian was a huge success.

—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

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Keeps the stomach in good condition and improves the appetite.

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Reflections of a Mother-in-Law

"WHEN I was a bride back in Peoria forty-five years ago, the only part I ever took in politics was to go downtown an' watch Lamech march in an oilcloth cape carryin' a Garfield transparency.

"Now my daughter Minnie is third vice-chairman o' th' Fifteenth Ward and is forever goin' to a conference, while Harold—that's her husband—an' I tolerate each other in th' flat.

"I useta do my bit keepin' Lamech's torch filled an' th' wick trimmed, but Minnie ain't satisfied unless she's introducun' th' speaker o' th' evenin'.

"Th' new way may purify politics an' combat evil in high places, but it don't get any raised buckwheat cakes into a strugglin' salesman for a brass foundry that's flirtin' with th' sheriff. We didn't vote when we were young, but we knew a batch o' hot biscuits was a powerful argument fer any good cause."

McC. H.

ONLY a remarkable man can live down a hole in one.

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Palmolive Shaving Cream is a newcomer in its field... yet, today the leader. Millions of men have quit old ways and adopted this new shaving joy.

Probably 80% of its users were boosters for other makes of cream.

All were won over by the test we now offer you. "Don't buy—yet," we urge you. Put the proof burden on us.

60 years of soap study stand behind this creation... made by the makers of Palmolive Soap. 130 formulas were discarded before we found the right one.

1000 men told us their supreme desires in a shaving cream. Only by great effort did we meet them. New principles were required. New laboratory methods and experiments.

Palmolive Shaving Cream thus is different from any other you have known.

5 New Delights

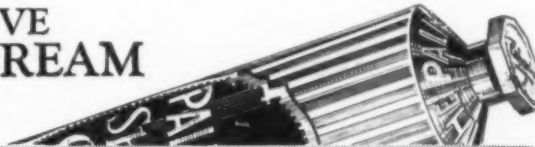
These you'll find—these new shaving joys, these comforts unknown before.

- 1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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- 5 Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

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it's there, but—how much dull, dry material must be waded through to earn the rich reward of a pure gold masterpiece! And how many of the very rarest reading treats are hidden away, unavailable in any library!

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Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24.)

The Tower of Lies. A beautiful production, by Victor Seastrom, of a story that doesn't quite ring true.

The Man on the Box. Acrobatic comedy, with Syd Chaplin.

The Circle. If you saw Maugham's great play, then for heaven's sake don't see this. It will break your heart.

The Freshman. Harold Lloyd in some typical college humor.

The Pony Express. Great characterizations, but an incoherent plot.

The Merry Widow. Erich von Stroheim has the last laugh on those who scoffed at him as a pig-headed Hun. This is a fine picture.

The Girl Who Wouldn't Work. Potentially an excellent picture, but actually rather weak.

The Coming of Amos. Rod La Rocque involved in various weird complications on the Riviera.

Siegfried. A German production of heroic stature.

The Gold Rush. Great.

Shore Leave. Richard Barthelmess is more engaging than ever.

The Phantom of the Opera. Strange goings-on backstage at the Paris Opera, with Lon Chaney.

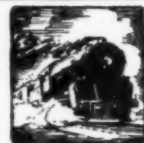
Sally of the Sawdust. D. W. Griffith proves that the heroes of yesterday are the dubs of to-day.

The Unholy Three. The best crook story since "The Miracle Man."

Don Q. The best Douglas Fairbanks picture since "The Thief of Bagdad."

The Wanderer. Poetic and moving parable. R. E. S.

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If Legs Bend In or Out
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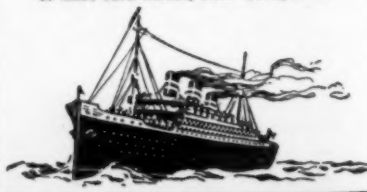
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.



Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

It is a matter of record that in a room well lined with books, a casual dummy or sitter-out at bridge who browses along the shelves will pass up first editions and the classics for Cheiro's "Palmistry." So Ethel Watts Mumford's "Hand-Reading To-day" (Stokes), being a scientific treatment of the subject in a chatty, understandable style, should have a large sale. Mrs. Mumford as an amateur palmist has been the life of many a party, and her experience in reading hands all over the world has resulted in a new angle which everybody interested in himself—and who isn't?—should find diverting.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, whose papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* instituted the form of biography which Lytton Strachey and others have since popularized, now offers in "Wives" (Harper) the portraits of seven American women joined in matrimony to various outstanding characters in our history. Appearing on his program are Mrs. Benedict Arnold, Mrs. Aaron Burr, Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler, Mrs. James Madison, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. Excellent reading. So is another venture in the same direction, "Uncommon Americans," by Don C. Seitz (Bobbs-Merrill), which gives close-ups of such celebrated non-conformists as Tecumseh, Joseph Smith, Whistler, Henry George, Susan B. Anthony, Mary Baker Eddy, and David Crockett. *Baird Leonard.*

Books Received

Progress and Constitution. By Newton D. Baker (Scribner).

"Dawgs." A collection of the best stories about them compiled by Charles Wright Gray (Holt).

The Dreams of Chang. By Ivan Bunin (Knopf).

Tiger Joy. By Stephen Vincent Benét (Doran).

Notes and Anecdotes of Many



IN THE JUNGLE

"OH, AGÉNOR!...WHAT A STUNNING RUG!"
—Le Monde Colonial (Paris).

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Years. By James Bucklin Bishop (Scribner).

Portrait of a Publisher. By Grant Overton (Appleton).

Richard Martin. By Wellesley Pain (Small, Maynard).

The Under Dogs. By Hulbert Footner (Doran).

Forty-Two Fables of La Fontaine. Translated by Edward Marsh (Harper).

An Old-Fashioned Senator. By Harris Dickinson (Stokes).

Half-Told Tales. By Henry van Dyke (Scribner).

Lord Timothy Dexter. By J. P. Marquand (Minton, Balch).

The Outcast. By Luigi Pirandello (Dutton).

The Rector of Maliseet. By Leslie Reid (Dutton).

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VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

"I read Dr. Fosdick's article yesterday. It is as good as can be, and extremely well written—as well written as it is logical—inseeing and far-seeing. He is a man of great ability and you have done well to get him."

SIR GILBERT PARKER.

"I want to send you my congratulations on the September number of Harpers. It is a great magazine, and I should think that any author of creative literature would take especial pride in seeing his material in such good company and in such good form."

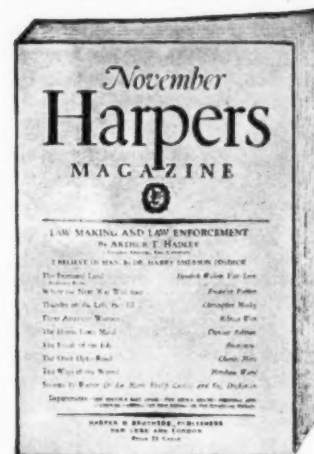
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Moreover, the editorial forecast promises for the coming months even richer material. The best in fiction from America and England; fearless and vivid discussions of significant phases of American life; important points of view from and about Europe; brilliant criticism and absorbing problems involving the human equation.

In short, the new Harpers will triumphantly fulfill the promise of its first numbers just as it has already established itself as the periodical most sympathetic to the modern educated mind—a periodical of rapid wit, clarity of judgment, independence of thought, and high literary flavor.

In the November Number

LAW MAKING AND LAW ENFORCEMENT, by Arthur T. Hadley

I BELIEVE IN MAN, by Dr. Harry E. Fosdick

THE HOME-TOWN MIND, by Duncan Aikman

THUNDER ON THE LEFT, Part III, by Christopher Morley

WHERE THE NEXT EUROPEAN WAR WILL START, by Frederick Palmer

THESE AMERICAN WOMEN, by Rebecca West

THE FETISH OF THE JOB, Anonymous

AMERICA'S POLITICAL DECLINE, by Frank R. Kent

THE PROMISED LAND, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

THE WAYS OF THE WEEVIL, by Henshaw Ward

THE ONCE OPEN ROAD, by Charles Merz

STORIES; by Walter De La Mare, Roy Dickinson, Philip Curtiss

Harpers

MAGAZINE



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Colgate's is a modern dentifrice—widely recommended by modern dentists. It "washes" your teeth thoroughly clean—does not scratch or scour them. The combined action of its soap and chalk gently removes clinging food particles. Causes of tooth decay thus are safely and effectively removed by Colgate's. It is safe to use for a lifetime.

Tastes Good—Does Good

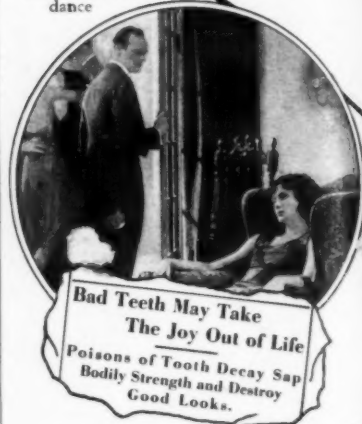
Take good care of your teeth and they will take good care of you. Brush them after each meal. No matter what kind of tooth brush you like, use Colgate's with it. The taste of Colgate's is pleasant. It is made sensibly, advertised sensibly, and sold at a sensible price, 25c for a large size tube.

Consult your dentist twice a year. It pays.

COLGATE & CO. Established 1806

Prevent this

Too tired to
dance



Bad Teeth May Take
The Joy Out of Life
Poisons of Tooth Decay Sap
Bodily Strength and Destroy
Good Looks.

It really doesn't seem possible, does it, that happiness can depend on the teeth? But ask your dentist or your physician. You will learn that not only happiness but often health and good looks are lost when teeth start to decay.

Here is a scientific experiment, told recently by John Amid in Collier's Weekly, that speaks volumes.

"In the interests of science a bit of the streptococcus culture from one of the extracted teeth (from a human suffering from rheumatism) is injected into the blood of a rabbit. Three weeks and the rabbit is hopelessly deformed."

Preventive dentistry is sweeping the United States. Today it is fully recognized that tooth decay is a menace to the nation's health.

In schools where preventive oral hygiene has been introduced, children have shown striking advance in health and mental vigor, and increased immunity to disease.

Conditions are improving but much must yet be done. Fight tooth decay before it starts.

Give yourself a chance.

Here is a photograph taken in the Dental Clinic of the Heckscher Foundation, New York, where the importance of preventive dentistry is fully realized.

